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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLI No. 1971 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — OCTOBER 30 1937

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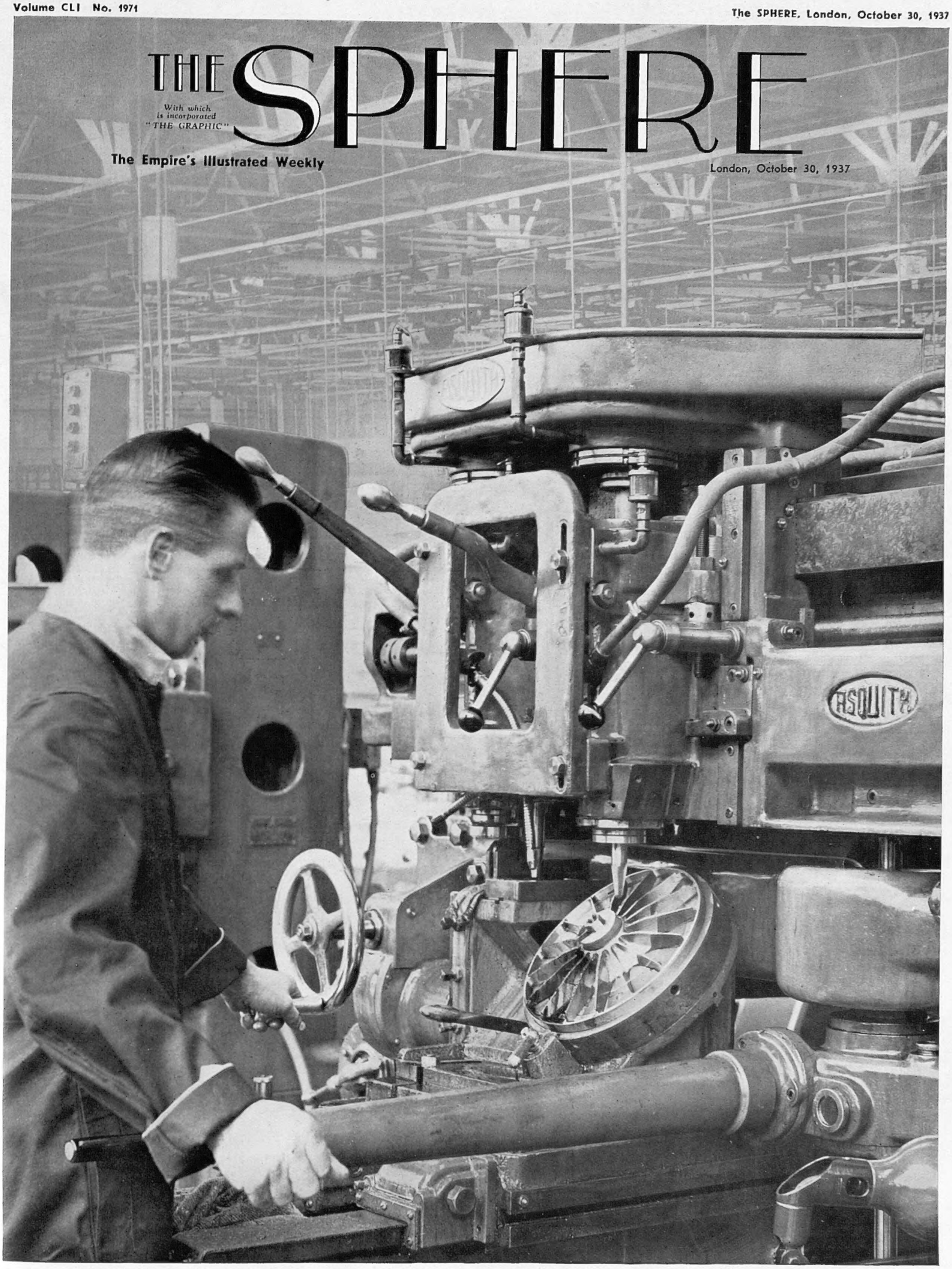
THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, October 30, 1937



In a Government "Shadow" Factory

Making Aero Engine Parts Under the Big Scheme to Speed Up R.A.F. Expansion and to Prepare for War Emergencies

Britain will soon be in a position to build aircraft more swiftly and in larger numbers than any other country in Europe in the opinion of air experts who have just visited the new "shadow" factories which, in accordance with the plan outlined by Earl Baldwin in the spring of last year, have been set up to assist in the expansion of the Royal Air Force and to give motor firms experience in aircraft production which would permit of still more rapid expansion in the event of war. In the short space of eighteen months the scheme has made the most remarkable strides and what were once bare swampy fields in the Midlands are now the sites of huge workshops in which the manufacture of aero parts is well under way, the most up-to-date types of machine being employed for the purpose. The Austin and Rover companies at Birmingham, and the Daimler, Standard, and Rootes concerns at Coventry, are jointly engaged in turning out components of Bristol-Mercury engines, while two of them are constructing frames for bombers. Many of the men taking part in the work were only a few months ago agricultural labourers or unemployed in the Special Areas, but they are tackling their new tasks with confidence and revealing adaptability. "All this could never have been done in my country without labour conscription," said General Milch, head of the German Air Mission, during his recent visit

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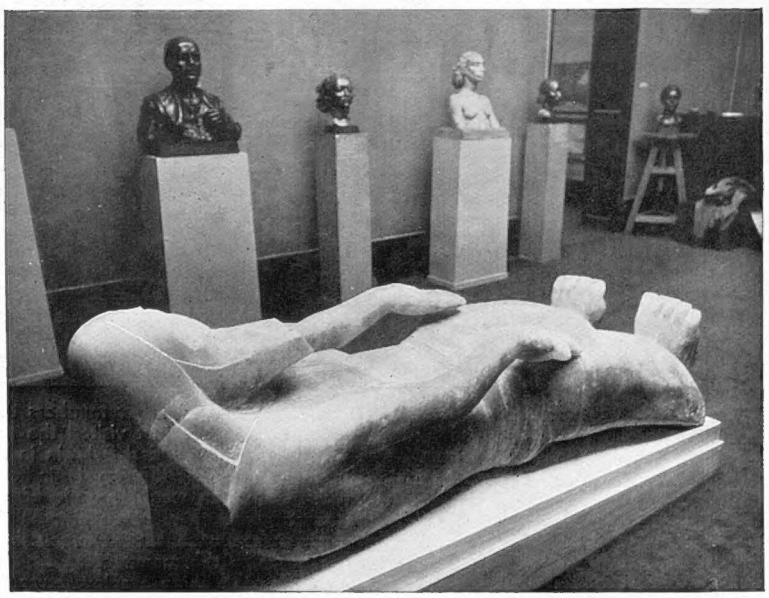
THEIR GOAL IN SIGHT: The West Country fishing boat, *Rosebud*, approaching Westminster at the end of her much heralded voyage from Newlyn to London, carrying on board a delegation of nine fishermen who came to present a petition to the Minister of Health against the demolition of their homes under the Penzance Council's "slum" clearance scheme. The boat tied up at Westminster Pier on Friday, October 22, and the men in the afternoon visited Sir Kingsley Wood, who entertained them to tea and gave a very sympathetic hearing to what they had to say

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4.
Wednesday, October 27, 1937.

CRITICAL DAYS.— You cannot appreciate the height of a mountain when you are standing on its lower slopes. You must get away from it. It is the same thing with men and events as with mountains. You cannot estimate the greatness of a contemporary until after a lapse of years following his retirement or death; and you cannot recognise, while you are living through them, the times—months or moments—of chief historical significance or anxiety. No doubt there are exceptions to this last rule, but they have been rare. Two or three hours after that bomb was thrown at Sarajevo in the summer of 1914, it was still just a Balkan assassination. But three weeks afterwards (and still to-day) it was the key which turned the lock in the front door of Bedlam. Ever since 1933 (and before) we in Europe have been living through times of extraordinary anxiety. I am ready to believe that a great part of the anxiety and significance has been overstressed and exaggerated as a result of the modern conditions under which we live, and that European statesmen and peoples have been rendered more nervous, jumpy, and suspicious than would have been the case when communications were less perfect. Newspapers and wireless bulletins have kept before us constantly a picture of Europe stretched to breaking point, of Civilisation "standing-to," of its fire-fighters waiting in their harness for the bell which summons them to the scene of a new major conflagration. Certain elements of the Press (and Wall Street brokers) feed on sensation and must serve it at every meal; while the voice of the broadcaster inevitably treats of European diplomatic exchanges with the utmost seriousness and tensity. The lighter tones are reserved for sporting news and the introduction of vaudeville. In the "bad old days" when ambassadors were personalities who must settle sudden crises off their own bats and by the aid of their training in diplomacy; when ministers must wait weeks, instead of hours, for replies to their exchanges of notes with foreign Governments, many of these major crises solved themselves *ambulando* and the public never heard of them until they were solved and their proper perspective in history could be gauged. But that is a long parenthesis—even longer than the parenthesis of Mr. Granville Barker's Shakespearian discourse.



"IT IS FINISHED": Mr. Jacob Epstein's latest big work, "Consummatum Est," a recumbent alabaster figure of Christ, displayed at the Leicester Galleries, where, as is usual with the major productions of this sculptor, it is causing the most heated controversy. The smaller works on view, some of which may be seen ranged in the background, are attracting much more favourable comment, many of them revealing really remarkable vitality

THE CRATER'S EDGE.—The fact remains that, for two or three years, we have undoubtedly been living on the edge of the crater and—in part owing to the extraordinary nervousness and justifiable wobbling of statesmen—any unforeseeable incident (as trivial as the Sarajevo assassination) might have caused that major conflagration. What I would suggest is that when, a decade hence, we can judge of the events of the years 1934–37 in their right perspective, we shall perhaps reach the conclusion that the gorgeous months of serene autumn weather enjoyed in September and October, 1937, brought civilisation nearer to the crater's edge than any period in those years, even the moment of reoccupation of the Rhineland. Almost we have become bored with major crises, almost we have passed from the state of anxiety into the serenity of cynicism. Yet during these past few weeks we have felt the fevered heart beats of civilisation, and wondered if indeed the impossible was going to happen and the patient was really dying at last. If the patient pulls through—and I believe the patient will—it will be due to a sudden panic by some of the attendant quacks. For too long they have used the patient solely for their own personal ends and aims. In October, 1937, when Death knocked on the door, the quacks began to quake for their professional reputations; they saw themselves being struck off the rolls when the Medical Council tardily began to show a firmer hand. They altered their treatment in a panic. The situation is a little bit eased. But I think we may wait a week or two more before halloa-ing. It may be sometime before everything is lovely in the garden of Eden.

PARLIAMENT AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.— Since last week's Newsletter a

Session of Parliament has been wound up and a new Session has been opened by a new King in unexpected King's weather. Time plays these tricks on us. The new reign seems to have been so long and so firmly established, the achievements and failures of the old Session appear to-day such ancient history. But before the first innings ended, the not-outs, Messrs. Chamberlain and Eden, added some sparkling, if rather lucky, runs, and their hopes for the next innings stand higher than they did. In the foreign affairs debate which wound the old Session up, once more (despite the holiday crystallisation of Socialist and Liberal policies) the Opposition's criticism was curiously futile and unreal. Circumstance found them bathing and stole their clothes and they were obviously uncomfortable when they faced the public. As I say, we are far from being out of the wood, but there are grounds for new hope that the worst will be averted or deferred. Italy's and Germany's last minute concessions over the withdrawal of foreign volunteers from Spain even now prolong the possibility that the war may remain localised and also encourage a faint hope that both sides in Spain may see the futility of continuing to the bitter end the destruction of Spain. The nine-Power talks in Brussels leave us at least a hope that the moral persuasion of the Powers concerned may awaken Japan to the full implications of her dangerous experiment without recourse to futile economic sanctions which can only breed further bitterness and distress. More than affording that hope, the Brussels conference may show the strength of America's new hand and reveal what lead she is prepared to make at the international table. And finally Mr. Eden has shown a stronger hand. The British Government has at last made it clear, that though its hopes are still set on the League, yet while the League remains ineffective, its faith rests on the pacific potentialities of British armaments. And that, if a disagreeable truth, is plain common sense and sound propaganda.

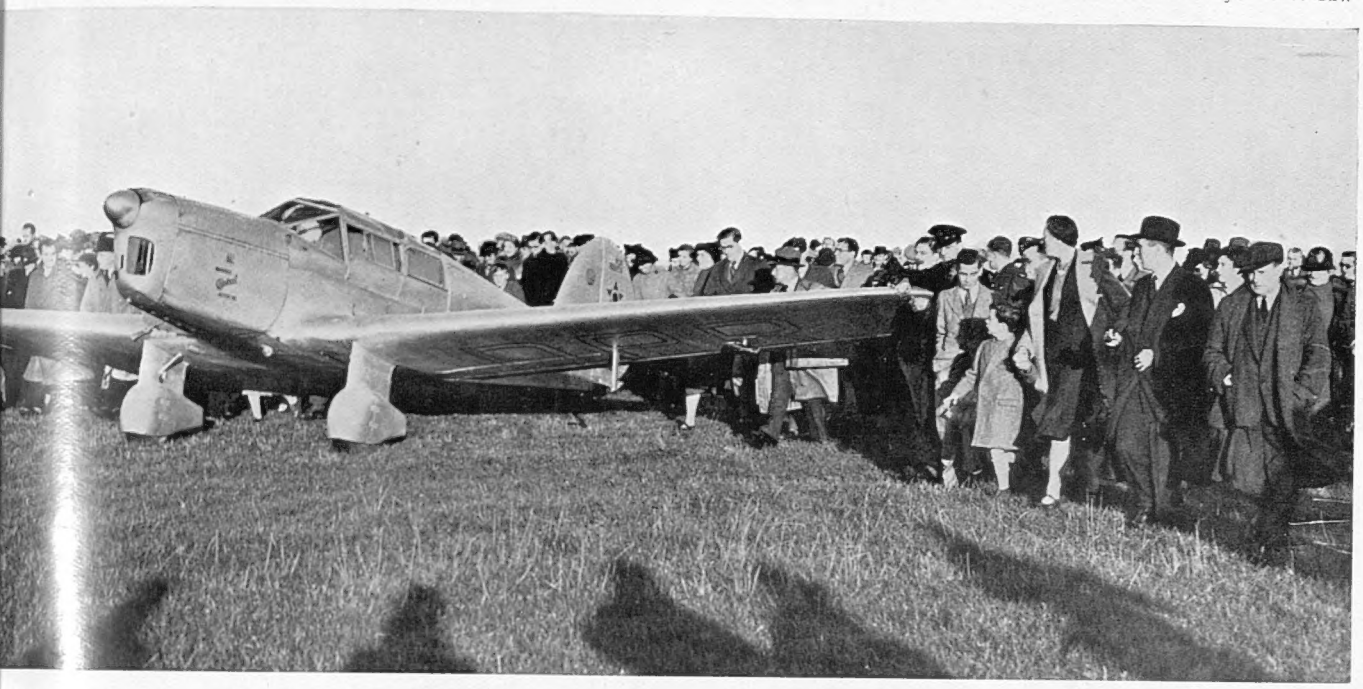
THE PATIENT ASS.—Mr. Hore-Belisha, if he had retired after his long service as Minister of Transport, might have been ten years hence remembered only when some child playfully stuck an orange on a piece of stick. It would have been an unjust fate for one who expended so much energy and enthusiasm on his difficult office, but circumstances were against him, as they were with the one or two of his predecessors who are worth remembering. But Mr. Belisha was translated to a higher sphere and, with his energy and enthusiasm undiminished, he turned his slogan from "safety first" to "safety last" or, let us say, "personal safety last and the country's safety first." Now it looks as if he will go down to history as a War Minister who conceived and carried out changes far more important than in the shape of a cap. He may well be counted with the few, like Cardwell and Haldane. He aims to dignify, to popularise, and to render attractive army service, to make soldiering a career, a noble branch of public service, and one to boot not less financially attractive and secure. He has a long row to hoe, but he is young and comes in on a wave of Treasury generosity. He means to lighten the burden of Tommy Atkins in every possible way, materially and spiritually, physically and mentally, and I am not at all sure that the supreme achievement of his reign may not be the important reduction — if he brings it off—of the infantryman's war-service impedimenta. In the late war, as one well and painfully remembers, the soldier's burden grew in weight to a fantastic and absurd degree. I remember that even cavalrymen at one time rode more than twice their own weight, something like 24 st. on an average when the final load of spare ammunition in bandolier had been slung round the horse's neck. Even so, our hearts bled for the footslogger who at the height of war folly was compelled to carry as much as 6 st. of impedimenta, often two-thirds of his own weight. Mr. Belisha came into office when that weight had been scaled down to about 55 lb., almost half. And now it is understood he means, with the aid of the battalion's own motor transport, which is no longer of "B echelon" character, to ensure that save in the final rush the footslogger's burden shall be no heavier than 2½ st. maximum, an astonishing reduction following a *reductio ad absurdum*. It will be a signal achievement, if it materialise. If Mr. Belisha completes his programme in full, the soldier will no longer be an ass, and will no longer need such a stock of patience.

PARIS. — The Paris Exhibition has but a week or so more to run. The evidence crowds in that this was one of the most perfectly staged and most amusing, interesting, and beautiful of its kind in the long history of exhibitions. It is a triumph for France in the teeth of difficulties. It has benefited Paris in one sense at least—it filled its smaller hotels to bursting and brought custom and much-needed money to all catering and restaurant interests as well as to transport interests. But in another sense Paris strikes many of her lovers as changed for the worse. No doubt the carelessness and gracelessness of the lesser hoteliers will pass when they cease to be sure perpetually of a full house and a waiting list. Then perhaps the water will be hot again in the hot taps, and someone will answer the bell, and even smile a welcome. But it is not the exhibition which has turned Paris' famous friendly (if mocking) smile into a frown and sour looks. No visitor who knew Paris twenty, ten years ago, can fail to notice the change in the streets. Officials are less courteous, the public appears hostile or indifferent, manners have changed everywhere for the worse and all the graces of Paris seem scattered to the winds. It seems odd that the reverse of the picture is so clearly painted in Nazi and Fascist colours. In Germany and Italy the stranger is welcomed, smiles are on every face, the hotels and restaurants and roads show the acme of efficient organisation. The order has gone forth: "Do the tourist well." Dictator States have become the happy hunting ground of tourists. France at the moment, at any rate, has lost some of her reputation for grace and courtesy. May the coming months smooth out her frowns and restore her dazzling smile.

EPSTEIN'S "CONSUMMATUM EST."—People crowd an Epstein show for two main reasons—to marvel at the technique—the sheer genius for carving and conceiving a work of art—or to be shocked, one of the most pleasant sensations known to the idle and the empty-headed. In the crowd at an Epstein première the latter class predominates largely. For few people recognise genius when they meet it and Mr. Epstein does nothing at all to woo popularity. He goes on his grim, hard way looking neither right nor left, something of a juggernaut. Plenty of people will be shocked by his vast alabaster weighing over 2 tons, for they will only see press photographs of the recumbent figure which give about as accurate an impression of it as would a locomotive. The trouble is, even in a suitable gallery the proper point of view for studying it is hard to achieve. Even if you could be lifted by pulleys to observe it from above you could not judge it as a whole, and short of that you cannot study it fairly at all. I am not an admirer of these great masses of sculpture which have no place in the setting of modern life. I am no judge of art and unfortunately gain little help from the obviously puzzled and anxious critics whose duty it is to guide our taste. I think Epstein's latest is rather an inert mass and I looked in vain for serenity and dignity. Pity was not wanting at the sight but no peace followed pity. I viewed the work of art in profound depression and felt in my ignorant way that the fire of genius had spent itself in vain on a mass unrefinable.

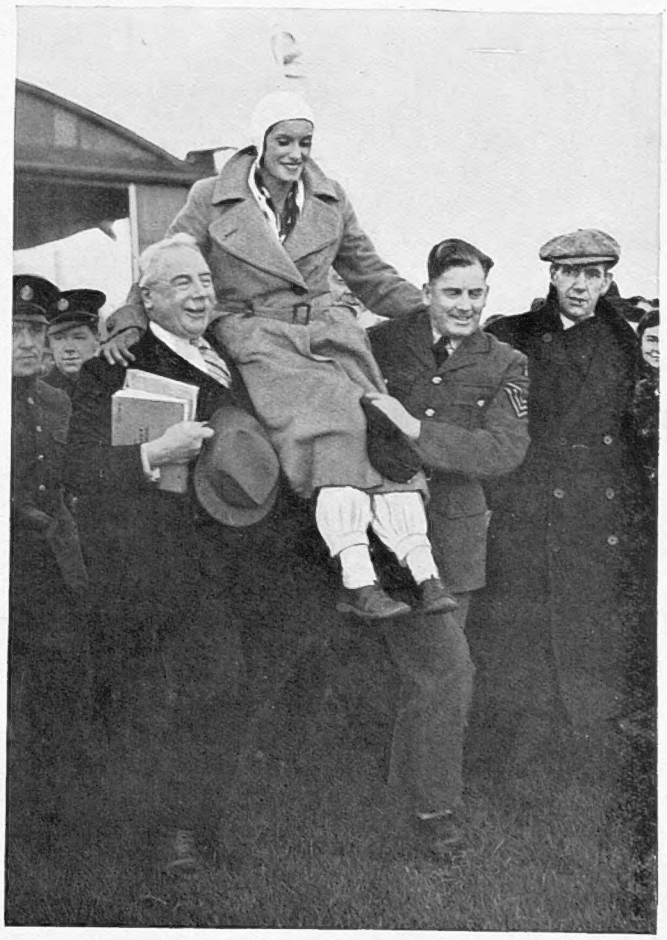
STONER HILL: AN AUTUMN PILGRIMAGE.—Stoner Hill looks down on Petersfield and on much lovely country in Sussex and Hampshire. To reach it you cross the Southern Railway at Petersfield and branch off the Winchester on to the Alton Road which winds uphill in horse-shoe curves through great beech woods which crown and cover this famous massif. This autumn (the like of which we may wait a decade to see again) has treated the Stoner woods with magic beyond the expected. Such a riot of colour, from green to yellow, pale gold to orange, russet to brown, scarlet to crimson, was never seen on fantastic tapestry and rarely matched by nature. Indeed, when nature or art reach a point of perfection, their masterpieces pass beyond competition to mere comparison. Those who best saw the pageant, the riot of exultant nature, viewed it from below. The winding aisle up through the dim cathedral of beech trunks lacks one important thing. It has no windows in its containing walls. Only points of colour penetrate the shade, and it is a pity that a dozen trees are not cut down at some point on the ascent. But those who know how to use their legs leave their cars discreetly parked at or near the Cricketers' Arms and take the narrow lane to the right (never meant for motor traffic), and walk down it to a clearing by which stands a famous house and garden, known to many; and there to the west the great horse-shoes of Stoner stand revealed high overhead, a-flame yet serene, disturbing in their beauty yet utterly satisfying; having a magic beauty which hurts and heals.

THE OLD STAGER



JEAN [illegible]TTEN TRIUMPHS: Cr[illegible]ds thronging round th[illegible] Percival Gull cabin mo[illegible]oplane as the New Ze[illegible]nd aviatrix landed at Ly[illegible]ne aerodrome and th[illegible] completed her record br[illegible]ing solo flight from Au[illegible]alia to England, covering [illegible]he 9,900 miles from Da[illegible]n in 5 days 18 hrs. 15 [illegible]ns. and bettering by 14 [illegible]s. 10 mins. the figures set [illegible]p by Mr. Broadbent ear[illegible]r this year. It was a tru[illegible] wonderful performanc[illegible] considering the unexpectedly bad weather encountered in Europe, and Jean received one of the greatest ovations of her highly [illegible] colourful career

CLOCKING-IN: Jean Batten handing over her log-book and identity papers on arrival at Lympne at the end of her latest aerial adventure. Since her first big flight in 1934 when, after two failures, she captured the England-Australia record in a fifth-hand aeroplane, she has gone from strength to strength. Her many admirers think that sometimes she has been over-venturesome, notably in crossing the South Atlantic with a single engine, and the shorter but even more dangerous Tasman from Sydney to Auckland



SHOULDER HIGH: Jean Batten borne from her plane on reaching Lympne. She had very little rest throughout the greater part of the flight, sleeping three hours in the East Indies, three in Rangoon, three in Karachi, and five in Damascus. A week before she had been sun-bathing on Australian beaches, and she struck Europe in what had so far been the wettest spell of the autumn

THE KING AND QUEEN DRIVE TO PARLIAMENT

Brilliant Pageantry of the Royal Progress Through London's Thronged Streets

On left—RETURN TO THE PALACE: The Royal coach, drawn by four pairs of the famous Windsor greys in their crimson trappings and followed by a sovereign's escort, pictured on its way back to Buckingham Palace after last Tuesday's opening of Parliament. It was the King's and Queen's first State drive in London since the Coronation festivities, nearly six months ago, and big crowds cheered them all along the route. The King's speech from the throne lasted twenty minutes, and at the very start he referred to the invitation he had extended to the King of the Belgians to visit him in November and to the King of Rumania for the spring of next year. Mention was also made of the Royal tour of India but no date was indicated

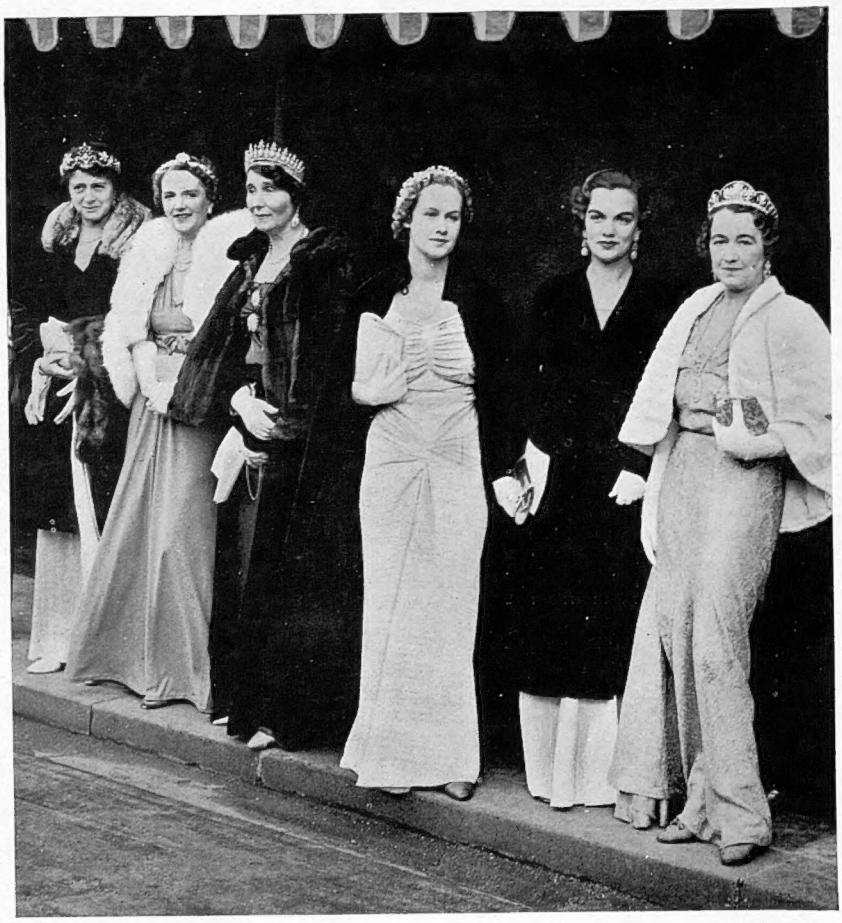
A REGAL CIRCLET: The King and Queen glimpsed through the window of the coach

LEAVING FOR THE STATE OPENING: Lady Elizabeth Percy (daughter of the Duchess of Northumberland), who is to marry Lord Clydesdale, followed by her sister Lady Diana

MRS. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN elegantly cloaked, outside the Premier's residence. Her husband could not attend owing to an attack of gout

THE MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA seen as she waited for her car outside the House of Lords after the ceremony

THE DUCHESS OF KENT leaving her Belgrave Square home for the Houses of Parliament. Her Royal Highness looked charming in an ermine cape



PEERESSES WAIT FOR THEIR CARS: A group including Countess Stanhope, Lady Claude Hamilton, and Lady Greenwood, wife of the former Chief Secretary for Ireland. *On left*—Lady Allenby, whose husband succeeded to the title last year

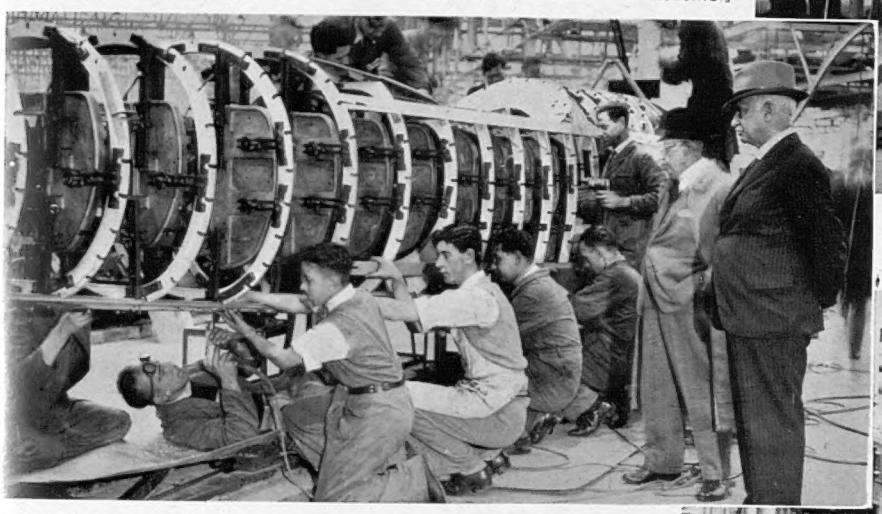
ITALY'S AMBASSADOR: H.E. Count Grandi, who has been so much in the news of late, was a resplendent figure

"SHADOW" FACTORY SECRETS

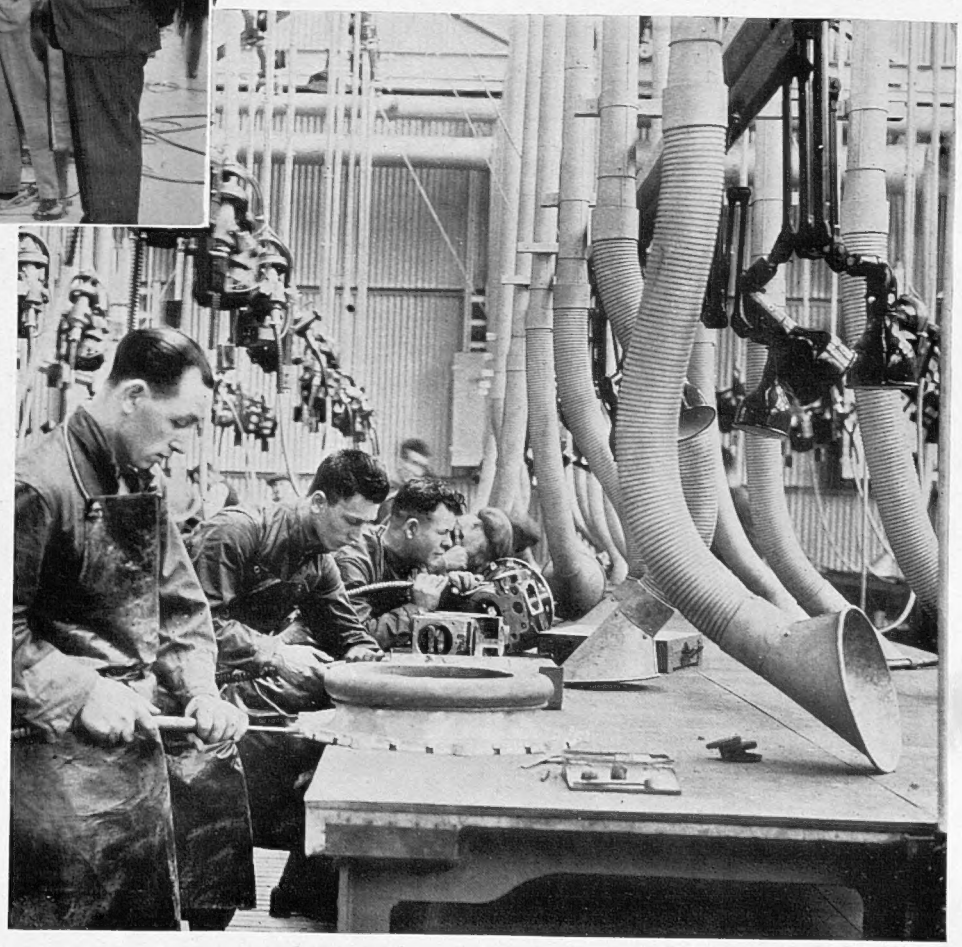
A Glimpse Into Some of the Vast Midland Workshops Where Motor Firms Are Constructing Aero Parts Under the Government's Expansion Scheme

WHERE THE BRISTOL-MERCURY CYLINDERS ARE PRODUCED: An overhead view of a section of the vast 3½-acre factory of the Standard Motor Company at Coventry in which 750 machine tools are now at work and only thirty-three more are required to fit the place for capacity production. Completed parts are sent off to Birmingham and Bristol for assembly

A NEW VERTICAL SYSTEM OF ASSEMBLY in practice at the Rover "shadow" factory at Birmingham, which now has 85 per cent. of its machine tools at work. Connecting-rods, pistons, and valves are the chief productions there



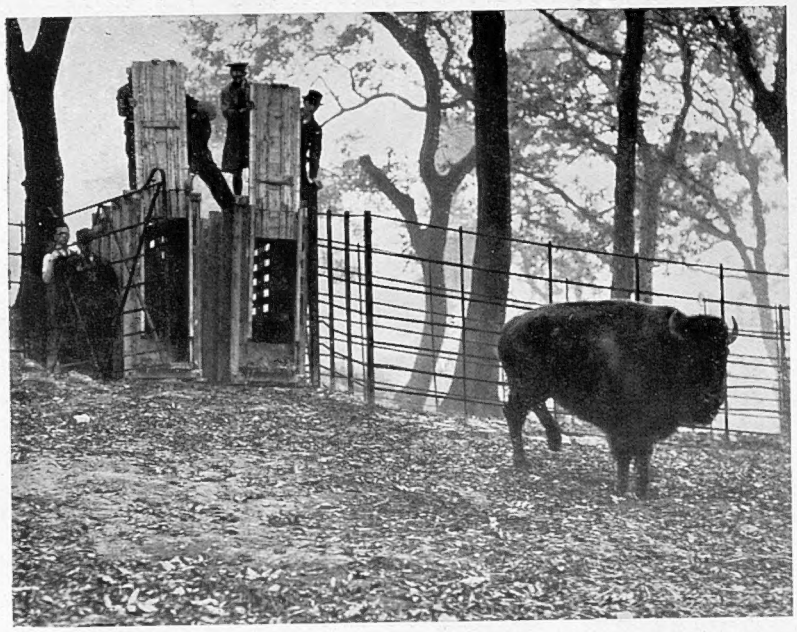
LORD AUSTIN LOOKS ON: The motor magnate watching the assembly of the fuselage of a Fairey battle-plane in his works in Birmingham. This is the largest of the "shadow" factories and has been planned for mass production on the most modern lines



AIR MINISTRY OFFICIALS VISIT COVENTRY: *Above*—Mr. W. E. Rootes, of Rootes Securities, Ltd., showing Colonel Disney, Mr. Owen Clegg, and Captain W. A. Hallam one of the machines in action at his factory adjoining the Humber-Hillman works. Many of the men engaged come from the Special Areas, but they have been trained quickly and are now semi-skilled. *Right*—Work in progress in the polishing shop on the finishing of crank cases for Bristol-Mercury air-cooled engines, the various components of which are being made by Rootes and the Austin, Rover, Daimler, and Standard companies. On assembly at Bristol and Birmingham it has been found that the various parts, despite their different places of origin, synchronise perfectly—a really praiseworthy achievement

THE FIRST GALES OF AUTUMN

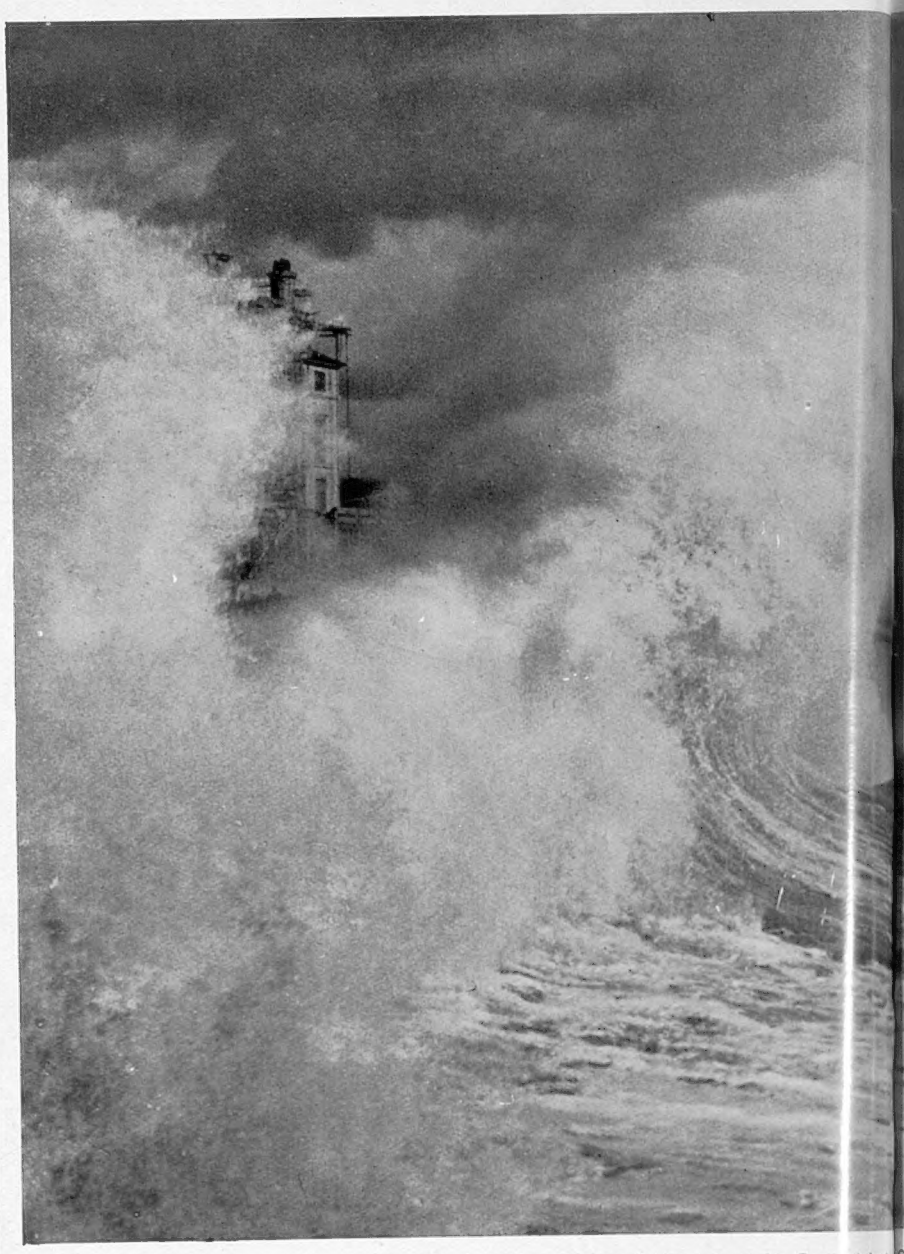
And Other Subjects of Home Interest—Lord Dudley's Private Zoo



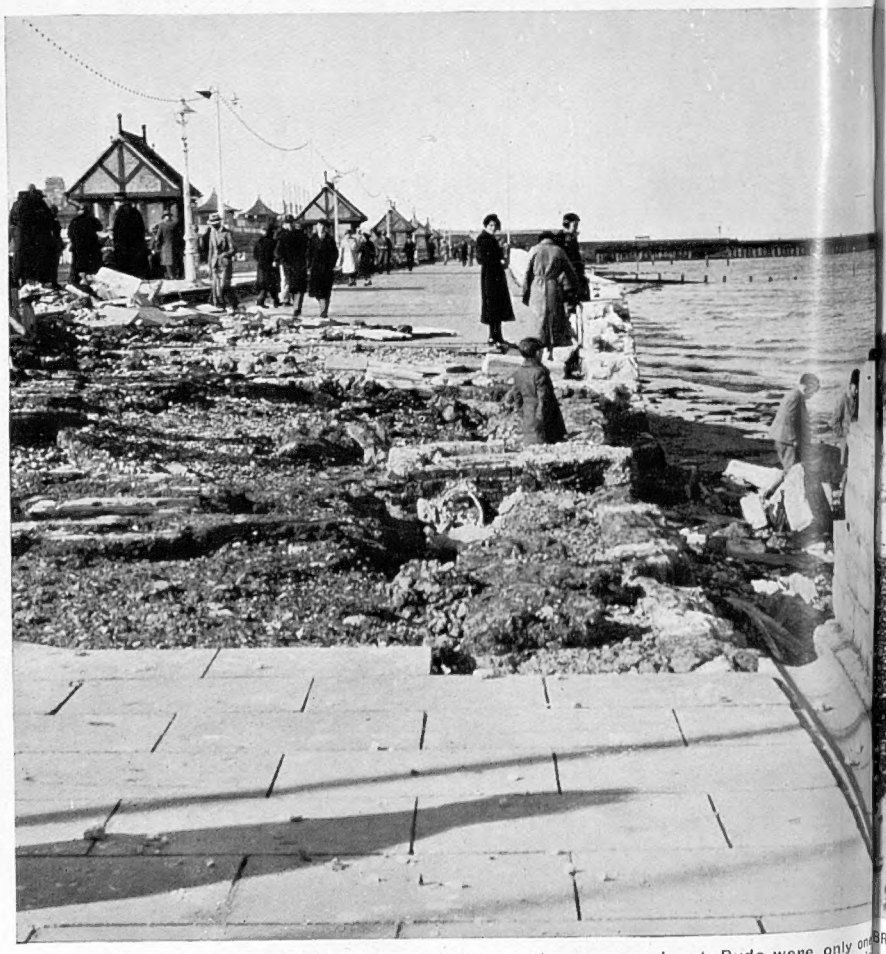
STRANGE NEW WORLD: A bison being released into its spacious open-air quarters on arrival at Dudley Castle where Lord Dudley is getting together a private zoo and new animals are arriving almost daily. A really fine collection is being formed

DALY'S DIMINISHES DAILY: Men at work demolishing the gallery of the famous musical comedy theatre in Leicester Square which will soon be no more, giving place, in the fashion of the times, to one of those super, luxury cinemas

HANDS ACROSS THE CHANNEL: M. Corbin, French Ambassador to the Court of St. James's Admiral Durand-Viel, late Chief of the General Staff of the French Navy, Lord Derby, and Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield, First Sea Lord, pictured together at last Monday's dinner at Claridge's of the United Associations of Great Britain and France. Admiral Durand-Viel was guest of honour



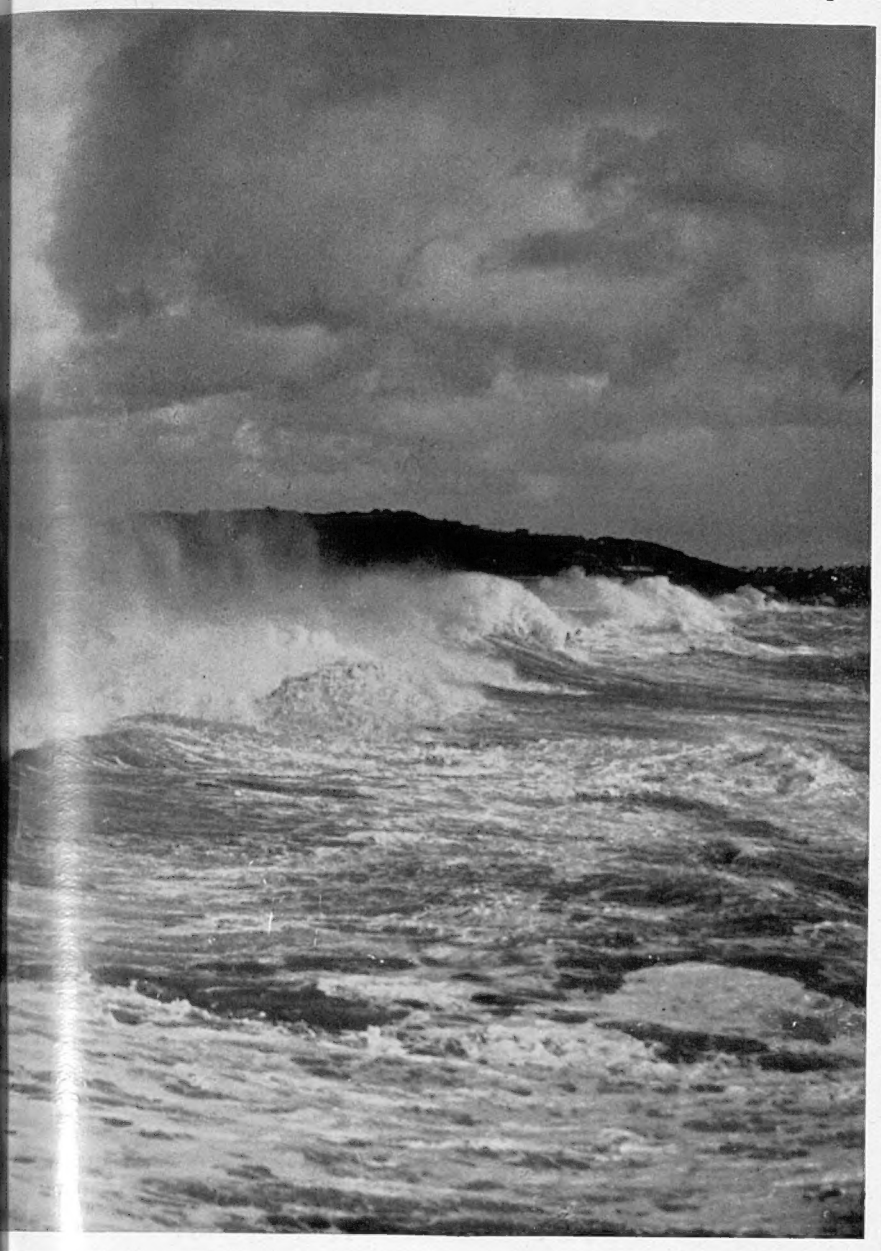
MIGHTY SEAS SWAMP HYTHE PROMENADE: An impression of the gale at its fiercest last Saturday when giant waves, estimated at 30 ft. in height and lashed to fury by a 7[illegible] m.p.h. wind velocity, pounded on to the shore, depositing hundreds of tons of shingle which was cleared away by local unemployed. Similar conditions prevailed right along the South



NATURE IN THE RAW: Torn-up paving blocks on the promenade at Ryde were only one serious result of the storm that swept the South Coast last Saturday, doing damage in nearly every resort bordering the Channel. The Isle of Wight suffered particularly and parts of the island had a three-hour black-out when the electricity supply failed after overhead cables had been blown together and fuses had been put out of action

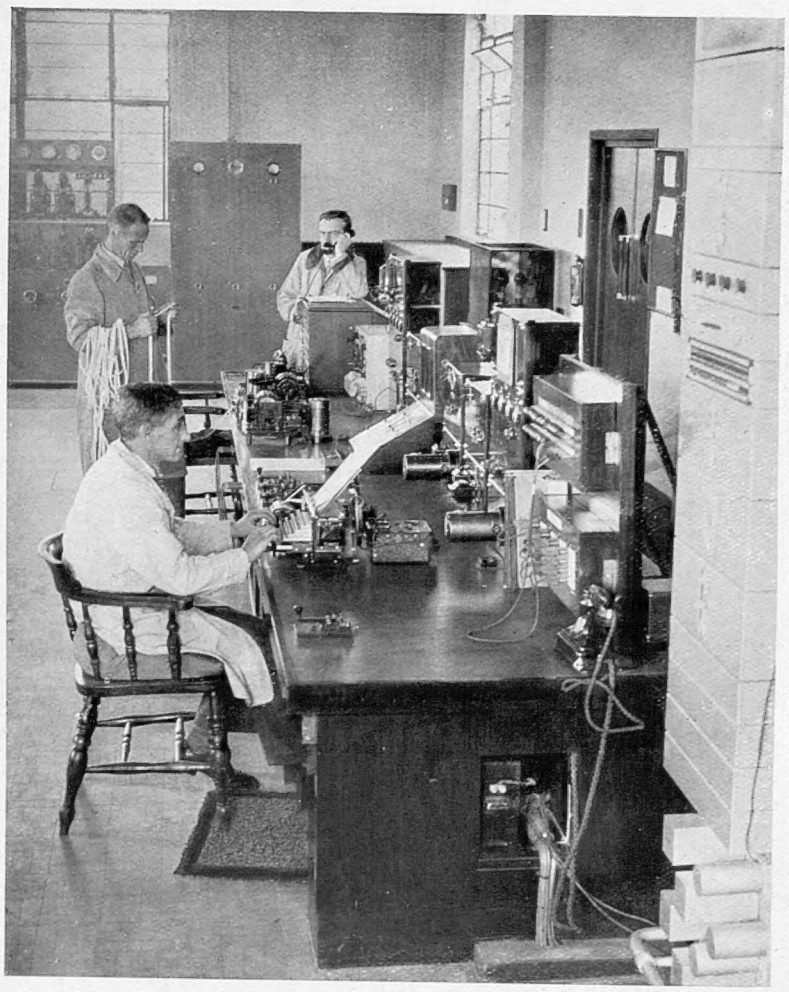
SWEEP BRITAIN'S SOUTH COAST

The New Police Radio G.H.Q.—Dublin Sells a Statue of George I



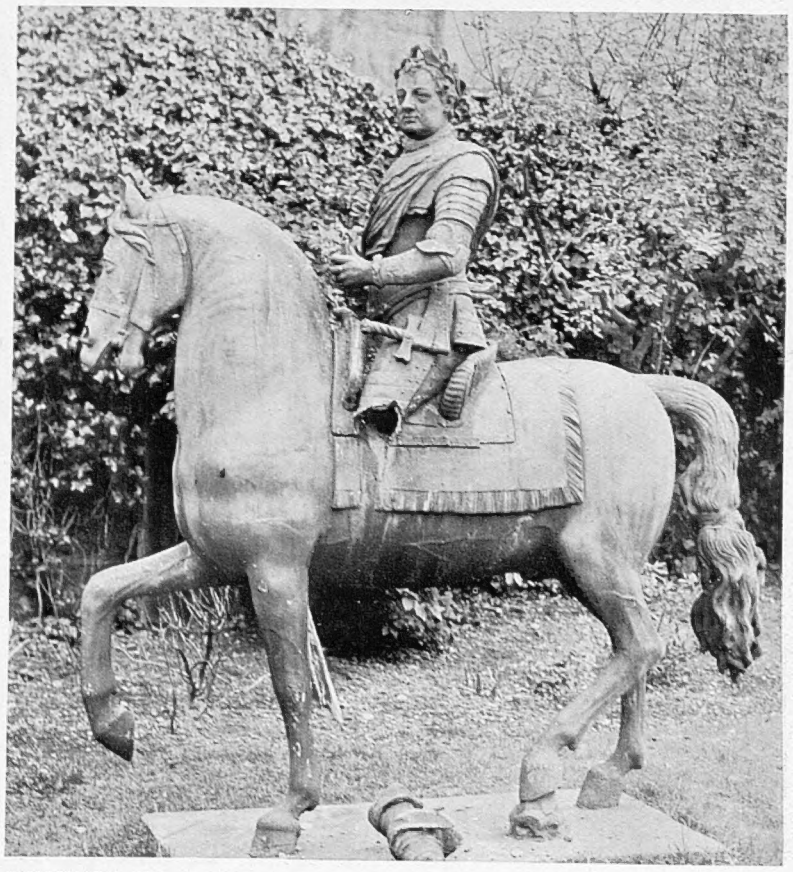
Coast; : ail ships were driven to shelter, passenger services were maintained with difficulty, and man basement houses suffered from flooding. It was the first big storm of the autumn and, stra tely enough, died out almost as quickly as it rose, Sunday being a day of brilliant sunshine nd mild breezes. On Monday, however, the wind came up again with fresh intensity

RIGHTON KNEW ABOUT IT: A glimpse of some of the quantities of shingle hurled ashore at this resort by the mountainous waves which lashed against the promenade for hour after hour, fiercely battering the stone defences. Meanwhile ships at sea were having a desperate battle and the *Maid of Orleans*, on the Folkestone-Boulogne service, had to be diverted to Dover where she was able to land her eighty-five passengers in safety



CALLING ALL CARS: The main transmitting hall at the new police radio station which has recently been completed and is now in operation at West Wickham, Kent. Messages from the Information Room at Scotland Yard are relayed from here to the wireless-fitted police cars that now patrol London's streets

THE NEW POLICE RADIO STATION AT WEST WICKHAM which links Scotland Yard with the police cars patrolling London's streets. Apart from transmitting messages, there is another side to the work here, a staff of engineers being employed in fitting out cars with wireless apparatus and attending to repairs



SANCTUARY FOR GEORGE I: This equestrian statue of the first of our Hanoverian kings, which, after being moved from site to site in Dublin, was finally dumped in the back garden of the Mansion House, lying ignored and almost completely forgotten, is at last to have a permanent home. Birmingham has taken pity on its plight, and the Barber Institute of Fine Arts has offered to buy it

A MONSTER ORDER: Mr. Walter Norwood, General Manager of Dominion Motors, of Wellington, New Zealand, signing a contract with Mr. S. G. K. Smallbone, the managing director of Morris Exports Ltd., for £1,000,000 worth of Morris cars

"MAN OF IRON": Sir Charles Tegart, whose measures against Indian extremists won him such recognition, has now been appointed as adviser to the Palestine Administration

OCTOBER BRIDES: *Left*—Miss Juliet Rowlatt who was married to Mr. Alexander Storrs Howard at Holy Trinity, Brompton, on Thursday of last week and (*right*) Miss Clodagh Kennedy who was married on the same day at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Lieutenant Viscount Jocelyn, R.N., H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Roden

THE LIE OF THE LAND: A sketch map showing the region of the Sudan in which Brigadier General Lewin and his wife were marooned. It is 450 miles south of Khartum

THE SWAMPS OF BOR DISTRICT: Natives in the marshy, mosquito-infected region in which Brigadier-General A. C. Lewin, the sixty-three-year-old airman, and his wife recently came to grief in their plane, being marooned for days under the burning tropical sun. Fortunately they had with them some mosquito netting which Mrs. Lewin managed to repair after a fearsome first night. Eventually they were sighted from the air and since then a party consisting of a British District Commissioner and Sudanese soldiers has fought its way through the flooded country and rescued the exhausted couple from their plight, taking them to Kongor. The problem of removing the Lewins was solved when an R.A.F. plane from No. 47 Squadron at Khartum flew over their position and dropped two wicker chairs which proved excellent carriers

THE RESCUE OF THE LEWINS

After Being Marooned for Days in a Mosquito-Infested Sudanese Swamp

EMPIRE SETTLEMENT

Once Again Looms Large in the Scheme of Imperial Politics, but it is Never Likely to be Repeated in the Former Free and Easy Style

By LIEUT.-GEN. SIR GEORGE MACMUNN, K.C.B.

THE recent meeting at the Guildhall of those zealous in the matter of Empire Settlement, the better distribution of our people, and the subsequent action and organisation, has brought back the subject from the oblivion that the world depression had put on it. When that depression supervened the Imperial and Dominion Governments put an end to all their conventions and arrangements for migration, and cut off all grants and cancelled all free and assisted passages.

The Dominions could not receive any entrants, so parlous was their own state. Not only that, during the last five or six years many thousands of those established in the Dominions, either through the agency of the voluntary societies, or through their own initiative have returned to Great Britain, frozen out overseas, in lands not organised for the assistance and maintenance of those out of work. It has been a sad story.

We need not rehearse the obvious arguments for a "better distribution," nor compare the vast pink spaces so comparatively sparsely populated, with these productive and thickly crowded islands. They are obvious, but they do not help the situation very greatly. More important is perhaps the question of land hunger of other nations, and the feeling that if Britain cannot fill the spaces others will. This feeling is not new. For many years Imperial enthusiasts have urged the Dominions, rightly or wrongly, to make an effort while the going is good, to take our people and compel adequate openings, before a diminishing population and a growing prosperity tend to keep the British in their own very comfortable islands.

There is also the need to realise that red lands on the map may mean very different things, and that the difference between "sheep to an acre" and "acres to a sheep" is one of the governing factors. It is also good to remember that the Dominions now are absolutely independent countries as far as any matter of influence or pressure is concerned. There are only three main points that can influence them and these are they:—

(i) *The amount of profitable land in accessible hands, on which settlers can be established and be self supporting, and even this has a partial limitation by the fact that markets are not always open even to the best production, as wheat in Canada and fruit in Vancouver illustrate.*

(ii) *That increasing industry or mineral development demands more skilled labour than the Dominion concerned can provide. But, while there are signs of returning prosperity in this direction overseas at the present moment, yet an equal revival here added to our re-arming, have produced a similar shortage here.*

(iii) *That Dominion opinion anxious lest foreign Powers should seriously demand a share in empty lands, shall for fear thereof be prepared to finance or partly finance the settlement of migrants who are not certain to be fully self-supporting, for the sake of children to bind into the warp and weft of the country.*

However much we may enthuse on the theoretical side of the problem hard facts assure us that the Dominions are not prepared to take settlers whose future is uncertain, unless one of the conditions just enumerated be operative. Young men of capital are always welcome and can look after themselves, but what this country wants to see is some scheme or policy whereby ordinary citizens with no assets other than their probity and honesty can be settled overseas.

Sir John Wardlaw Milne at the Guildhall meeting urged that the Imperial Government must make itself responsible for the financing of settlers and the future of failures, whether failure be due to defects of character, to ill fortune, or to recurring depression. It has also been urged that the cost of maintenance, education, and other social services rendered to the individual here, would, if capitalised over a period of years, give funds that would cover the cost of settlement.

We have seen since the Empire Settlement Act of 1922 was passed, just as the inexorable lean years were beginning to cast a shadow, certain land settlement schemes put into operation from which, at any rate, useful information can be gained. We have seen the sad Victorian scheme for ex-officers, which Victoria's own Royal Commission described as something near a ramp. We have seen the 3,000-families scheme in Canada not unsuccessful in many cases, but frozen out by depression.

Lastly we have had the Western Australian Group Settlement Scheme, not unsuccessful as regards the settlers themselves, but marred by unsuitable selection of land and personnel, and costing its Government large sums. Nevertheless it affords the best example of what is possible and does, under better auspices, hold the germs of success so far as agricultural settlement is concerned. It aimed at bearing all expenses, at training and assisting the settler, and then recouping the State for all outlay by a hire purchase scheme, rent being payable as soon as the holding had entered into profitable production. Unfortunately the expenditure to be incurred before this desirable state had been reached exceeded all calculations, and mounted higher than the production power of the holding could meet in rent.

If the Dominions want to increase their population, or the Imperial Government to lessen its population, the two between them must be prepared to shoulder the difference between cost and return. In the case of Western Australia it amounted to several hundred pounds per family. Here indeed lies the best hope for the future.

On the other hand there is always the possibility that the industrial opening up of some area, with large mineral prospects, might induce a demand for industrialists and agriculturists, beyond that for which Australia or Canada could find personnel from its own population.

For the last few years before the supervening of the paralysis of the depression, which killed migration, it has seemed to all concerned that piecemeal penetrations by individuals and individual families finding openings through friends, or through voluntary societies with ramifications all over the Dominions, promised the best, if less spectacular, results. Government is prepared to give such bodies 75 per cent. of their expenses, once the oversea Governments are ready to open their coasts again.

The speakers at the Guildhall, notably Sir John Milne, urged the formation of a statutory body, rather than a Government Department, to administer any funds available and to conduct any large scale operations that might be the outcome of any of the three conditions referred to. Such a demand has long been made by those familiar with the problem.

FOREIGN SURVEY

Count Potocki, Polish Ambassador in Washington, speaking at the grave of General Kryzanouski, Polish hero of the American Civil War, when his remains were re-interred at Arlington Cemetery, D.C.

POLAND

Schoolchildren parading with banners during the religious ceremony at Bezdany, Poland, at which 100 newly built primary schools, all named after the late Marshal Pilsudski, received the blessing of the Church

Cardinal Verdier, Archbishop of Paris, speaking from the pulpit at the inauguration of a new Parisian church. It is named after St. John Bosco, the pious Piedmontese priest, who was canonised in April 1934

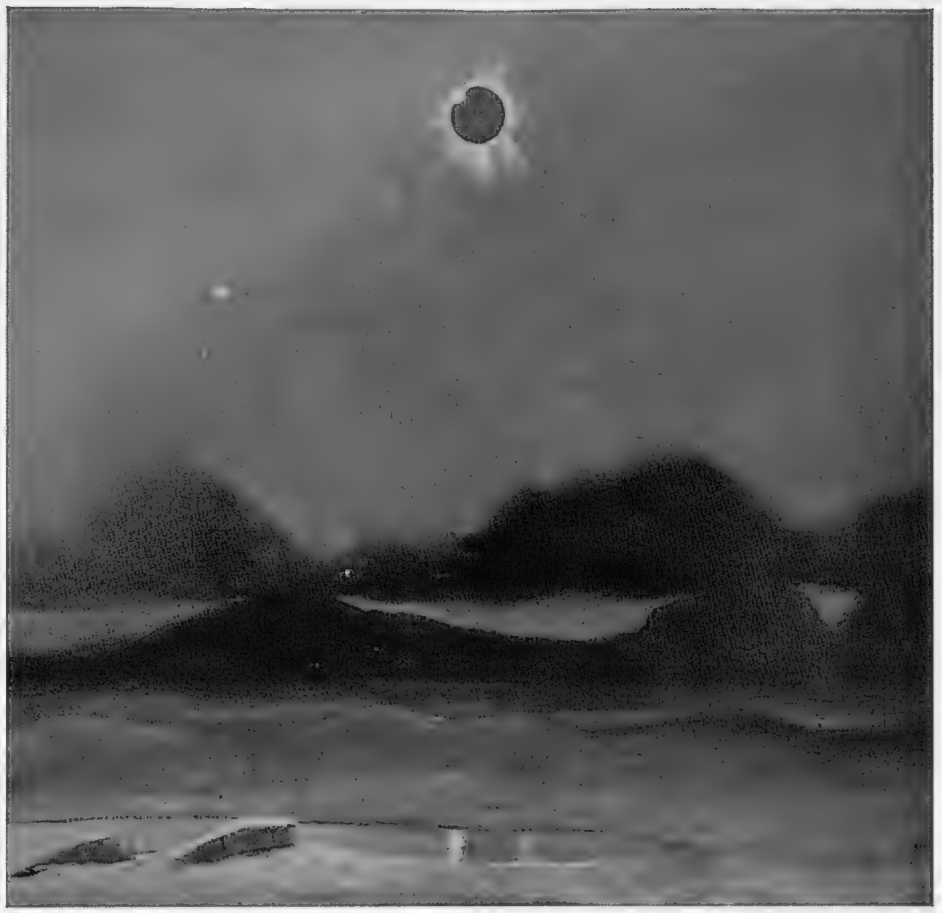
FRANCE

M. Viley, prefect of the Seine district (centre) riding with other officials in the first car to travel on the new section of the extended subway which now stretches from the Place Boulard to Montreuil town hall

PALESTINE

INDIA

Left—*Members of the party of English scouts from Wycliffe College, Gloucestershire, pictured at Acre during their visit to the Holy Land. The Arab children, seen in the background, threw stones at them.* Right—*Lord Linlithgow, Viceroy of India, inspecting boy scouts during a rally at Viceregal Lodge, Simla*



TOTAL ECLIPSE OF 1937

An American Artist's Record

These two remarkable paintings were made during the total eclipse of the sun earlier this year by the American artist, D. Owen Stephens, who accompanied the American Museum of Natural History Eclipse Expedition to Peru and, from a point of vantage in the mountains, recorded exactly what he saw. The canvas on the left shows the supreme moment of totality as the dark disc of the moon hid the sun and the usually invisible streamers of the corona flashed forth in all their brilliance. The picture above shows the scene a moment or so earlier when the last sunlight shone between the lunar cones, creating the "Bailey's Beads" phenomenon

The League Within The League

An Aspect of Geneva's Work that Seldom Finds the Headlines but is an Undoubted Contribution to World Order

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IN referring to "the League of Nations" the great majority has exclusively in mind the international political efforts of that institution. "The League" this; "the League" that. "Why waste any more money on the League? It has been such an appalling failure!"

There are really two Leagues working side by side or one within the other, as you choose to see it, and the present is perhaps an opportune moment to draw attention to the fact, to indicate a whole distinctive side of the League's work which only "hits the headlines" upon rare occasions. Opportune, because if no positive signs of dissolution can as yet be descried even on the horizon, there's no mistaking the fact that the League as a whole is slipping daily.

Geneva's activities have ever been divided strictly in two. Political. Technical. The two cost, between them, something like £1,400,000 a year, and the largely unsung second costs surprisingly little less than the eternal first, if we include the neglected Permanent Court of Justice under "Technical", its rare work seeming to operate preponderantly in that sphere (it certainly isn't bluntly "politics").

The political side has so far been a pronounced failure. One has but to enumerate its main and pathetic ("organisation of peace") sub-divisions:—Pacific Settlement of Disputes; Security; Disarmament; Mandates System; Protection of Minorities; Danzig Commissariat; Saar Governing Commission; Commission for European Union.

The Saar was a winner. Mandates and minorities are well and truly still on the carpet. As for the rest . . . a minor flock of Balkan and South American frontier and kindred disputes have been settled, and really very little else of much consequence.

Whether there would have been more and bloodier wars without the League is another matter, and a big one; yet it cannot be gone into here, when the only thing to do is to turn down the page of politics, clearly marked "failure", and to proceed into Geneva's second realm.

Might the League be worth keeping on through the dark and impotent times for its technical and social services alone? Might not, in fact, the perpetuation and enhancement of these be calculated to promote in course of time that very terrain of co-operation and understanding, sympathy and help, which has so markedly failed to appear on the political side? Does there reside a hope for the future in the broadening of this technical league within the political one?

In the van comes the International Labour Office, externally palatial in its own park, costing just over half as much as "the organisation of peace" (above). Essentially the mission of this Office is to act as a clearing house for fair play for workers the world over, and to that end over forty conventions have thus far been ratified, and if they are not properly executed a country's complaint can go up as high as the World Court. The U.S.A. and Japan are members as well as all the League. Unemployment, health and safety, agricultural and maritime conditions, hours, wages, contracts, all are dealt with. Just now the forty-hour week is the big issue. But perhaps this Office is best visualised by the profane as G.H.Q. of world labour knowledge.

Is it being sufficiently used? Quite certainly not. The current rabies of Nationalism primarily prevents that. Yet "I.L.O's" grip on universal conditions, as emerging in periodical reports, gives a pointer to its potentialities in a saner world.

The Hague Permanent Court costs one sixth as much as "the organisation of peace" and, for the work it has done, must be regarded as the League's chief luxury. But its justification is the hope that it may one day be properly used to arbitrate all dangerous issues: we are really paying for that hope more than for the petty cases that come before this tribunal once or twice a year.

The Court's greatest chance to put itself on the record came six years ago when it was asked for its advisory opinion—as distinct from its judgment—on the Customs Union between Bruening's Germany and Austria. Paris wire-pullings so ordered matters that the opinion given went against that union by one vote, a vote that some day may be recognised as having altered the history of Europe.

I attended the first, or second contentious case, in 1923. It had to do with a British ship, the *Wimbledon*. Since then there have been over forty further contentious cases, in one only of which did you see this Court functioning as its founders hoped it would do. Denmark and Norway squabbled over Eastern Greenland. Other countries might have done more than squabble. These two civilised States agreed to abide by the judgment of the Permanent Court. Norway lost, and without rancour played the game, though it meant evacuation by her.

Coming now to the technical services proper, there exists at Geneva the entire framework and all the necessary data for any sort of financial or economic conference the world might care to call—as, for example, that latterly urged by King Leopold who should know, however, that there is no need for the special institution he envisages, as this already exists.

One of the conspicuous successes to the League has been scored in this field, in the financial aid, advice, and supervision accorded sorely tried States Members. The Financial Committee is always ready to do impartial work anywhere and its experts have laid down principles and methods that have been freely applied.

Hereabouts there is special concentration upon China. The Technical Services had been for several years putting this Member on its economic feet and training Chinese to be experts themselves, when Japan crashed in for the second time. One of the reasons she did crash was precisely fear of China being able to run herself intelligently partly on account of education derived from Technical Geneva.

An economic committee ranges over such matters as commercial policy (international relations, most-favoured-nation clause, prohibitions and restrictions, trade barriers); friendly settlement of economic disputes between States; tariffs; Customs; treatment of foreigners; organisation of production; unfair competition; commercial arbitration; exchange law; tourist traffic.

Apply that bunch to the wide world and get an idea of the scope of these services.

Other committees tackle fiscal evasion and double taxation, examine trade cycles, delve into the gold problem, turn depressions inside out, and even extend to such things as suppression of counterfeiting and the regulation of whale-fishing. Surrounding the general effort is a unique economic intelligence service at anyone's disposal, even of non-members of the League. All technical and social services are available to such.

Each year the world travels more and more, particularly Europeans, and no clearer writing is on the wall than that popular motion to foreign parts will soar in future decades. Buried at "the League" is a department concerned with this aspect and with the even larger one of freedom of transit and equitable treatment for the commerce of all nations. Here are worked out plans for "freedom of communications and transit by land and sea, on navigable waterways and in the air." Passport and frontier formalities are simplified where possible. A big drive is afoot to render international motoring easier and safer—as by a uniform system of road signalling and for the marking of level crossings.

"Furthermore (one reads) the transit organisation has studied, from the point of view of their yielding a profit, their international importance, and their utility for the campaign against unemployment, various programmes of large-scale public works which have been communicated to it by Governments."

An immense field is opened up by the one word "Health." By which one has no thought for overdone dieting and physical jerks. There will come a reaction to that pair. Under "Health" one observes a world that could be spared great suffering and be much better protected against the ills that assail it.

For the first time in history there exists, at Singapore, a Disease Signalling Station. No Eastern epidemic (plague, cholera, smallpox) now remains unnoticed for twelve hours. Broadcasting is used so that ships may avoid specific ports. The League also concentrates on malaria and leprosy, cancer, sleeping-sickness, syphilis, T.B., National health services are reorganised on demand. Given countries undertake special research. Thus, the U.K. is allotted cancer; France, nutrition;

(Continued on page 216)

TEMPORARY HAVEN: These Chinese, driven out as shells and bombs battered their frail houses to fragments, crowded into the Shanghai International Settlement in search of safety and, as depicted here, were for the time being accommodated in the Harbour Master's office, receiving a good meal and sufficient space on which to rest for the night. The city being overcrowded it was necessary to evacuate them as soon as possible and arrangements had to be made to send them by boat up the Whangpoo

THE PLIGHT OF SHANGHAI'S HOMELESS

Refugees Caught Up in the Drama and Tragedy of the Far-Eastern Conflict as it Rages With Ever More Bitter Intensity

On right—LEAVING THE WAR ZONE: A bearded Indian soldier examining the identity papers of one of his compatriots on Shanghai Bund as she was about to board a steamer bound for Calcutta to which many Shanghai Indians have now been sent

CHINA AND JAPAN AT GRIPS IN SHANGHAI AND THE NORTH

New Pictures from the War Zones, where Week by Week the Conflict Widens in its Range and Intensity

IN THE WAKE OF A CONQUERING ARMY: A line of Japanese artillery and supply wagons approaching a burning Chinese town in the province of Hopei after the place had been captured by Japanese infantry. In this particular theatre of war the invaders have made spectacular and perhaps over-hasty progress, rapidly advancing southwards along the Peiping–Hankow Railway, taking in their stride the important junction of Shihchiachwang, and continuing on to the northern bank of the Chang River in Honan. There they found the bridge had been blown up by the retreating Chinese but were held up only temporarily. There also came news that the Red Chinese Army had cut their line of communication in the vicinity of Paoting

IN NO MAN'S LAND: Japanese infantry crawling towards barbed wire entanglements through which they intend to break. | A picture taken by James R. Young, a photographer who is at present recording the Far-Eastern war from the Japanese side

SINGLE FILE: Steel-helmeted Japanese of an irrigation ditch on the desolate bourhood of Paoting, near Hopei. It is to have intercepted the Japanese line

WAIT FOR IT! Japanese infantrymen stand watching the effect of a hand grenade of the track in an effort to dislodge of the Peiping–Hankow railway. At the forward through the thick smoke and

TRIBULATIONS OF THE SOUTHWARD MARCH: As the Japanese artillery and supply wagons follow behind the advancing army rivers, creeks, and numerous flooded areas, such as this, add to their hardships, making it a difficult matter for them to keep pace. If the reports of October 20 are correct it would seem that they are in additional trouble having been cut off from their base

fantry advancing along the bank featureless plains in the neigh- here that the 8th Army is reported of communication southward

ing with rifles at the ready and burled by the soldier in the centre party of Chinese holding a section opportune moment they rushed succeeded in tak ng the position

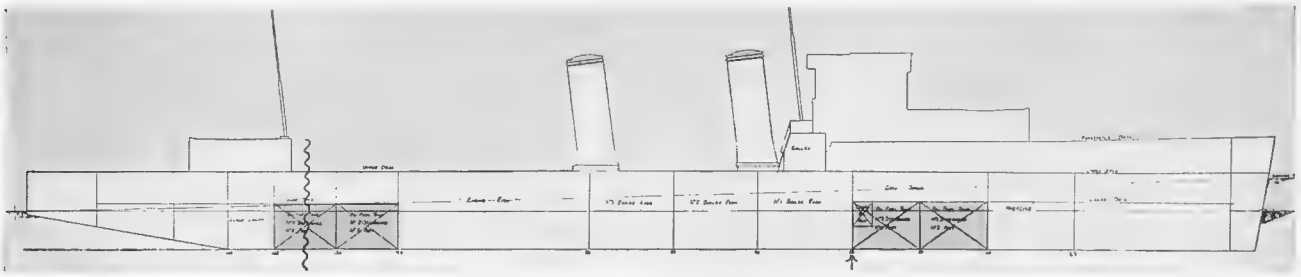
TRENCH WARFARE ON THE SHANGHAI FRONT: Well-equipped Japanese troops firing from the security of a mud embankment during the long drawn out struggle in this theatre of war where of late the Chinese resistance has stiffened considerably, possibly as a result of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's courageous and emphatic messages of optimism, urging that China's cause is far from hopeless

H.M.S. "HUNTER" HITS A MINE:

The Admiralty Reveals the Extraordinary Story of How a British Destroyer Remained Afloat After an Explosion in Spanish Waters; A Tribute to the Toughness of our Modern Warships

H.M.S. *HUNTER* was carrying out her duties upon the Non-Intervention patrol of Spanish waters when, on May 13 last, an explosion occurred which came nigh to sinking her. The explosion was afterwards found to have been due to her striking a mine.

So much is history. The extent of the damage which the vessel suffered and lessons to be learnt therefrom have, however, only just been released by the Admiralty. That it is possible to make these known is due to the fact that the incident occurred in time of official peace rather than war, when such knowledge must always be kept under hatches. On this occasion the Admiralty must be congratulated upon allowing the full story of H.M.S. *Hunter* to be made public, for there is in that story much that is reassuring.



THE DAMAGED DESTROYER IN PROFILE: The arrow in this sketch map shows the point at which the explosion occurred just below the water line when H.M.S. *Hunter* struck a mine last May, eight men being killed and fourteen injured. Despite the fact that the hull was badly fractured and over 900 tons of seawater poured in, the vessel's natural buoyancy kept her afloat. It was also quite remarkable that the *Hunter* did not split in two and a tribute to British shipbuilding which for toughness has no equal. The darker tinted section to the left of the diagram shows the place 130 ft. abaft the scene of the explosion where there was buckling of plates on account of the big strain imposed on the whole ship

During the great war many British destroyers struck mines. There was, for instance the classic case of H.M.S. *Zulu* and H.M.S. *Nubian*. Both these ships struck mines. The stern of the *Zulu* was blown off and sank. The bows of the *Nubian* were blown off and sank. The remaining portions of both ships survived and were towed into port. There, such was the shortage of destroyers, they were hastily combined into one ship, which sailed the seas as H.M.S. *Zubian*.

Nearly nineteen years after the great war one of our latest destroyers struck a mine. She did not sink. Nor did she break in half, in spite of the greater size and weight of the ship.

On May 13 H.M.S. *Hunter* was engaged on Non-intervention patrol duties off the east coast of Spain. The ship was stopped and was drifting slowly under the influence of a one-knot current when, at 2.15 p.m. a a violent explosion occurred below the water-line on the port side.

The explosion was so violent that it brought the top-mast crashing down on to the bridge, wrecked the wireless office and part of the bridge structure, and sent up a column of oil and water more than 60 ft. high. The ship immediately took on a list of about 25 degrees to starboard, and it was immediately obvious that she was so badly damaged that she might sink.

None of the lookouts had seen anything suspicious before the explosion occurred, and it was afterwards established that the ship had struck a mine, although at the time of the explosion she had been practically stationary with 100 fathoms of water under her keel.

After taking up the initial list the ship slowly righted herself as compartments flooded. It was subsequently found that the foremost magazine was flooded, as were also a group of four large oil-fuel tanks and two of the three boiler-rooms.

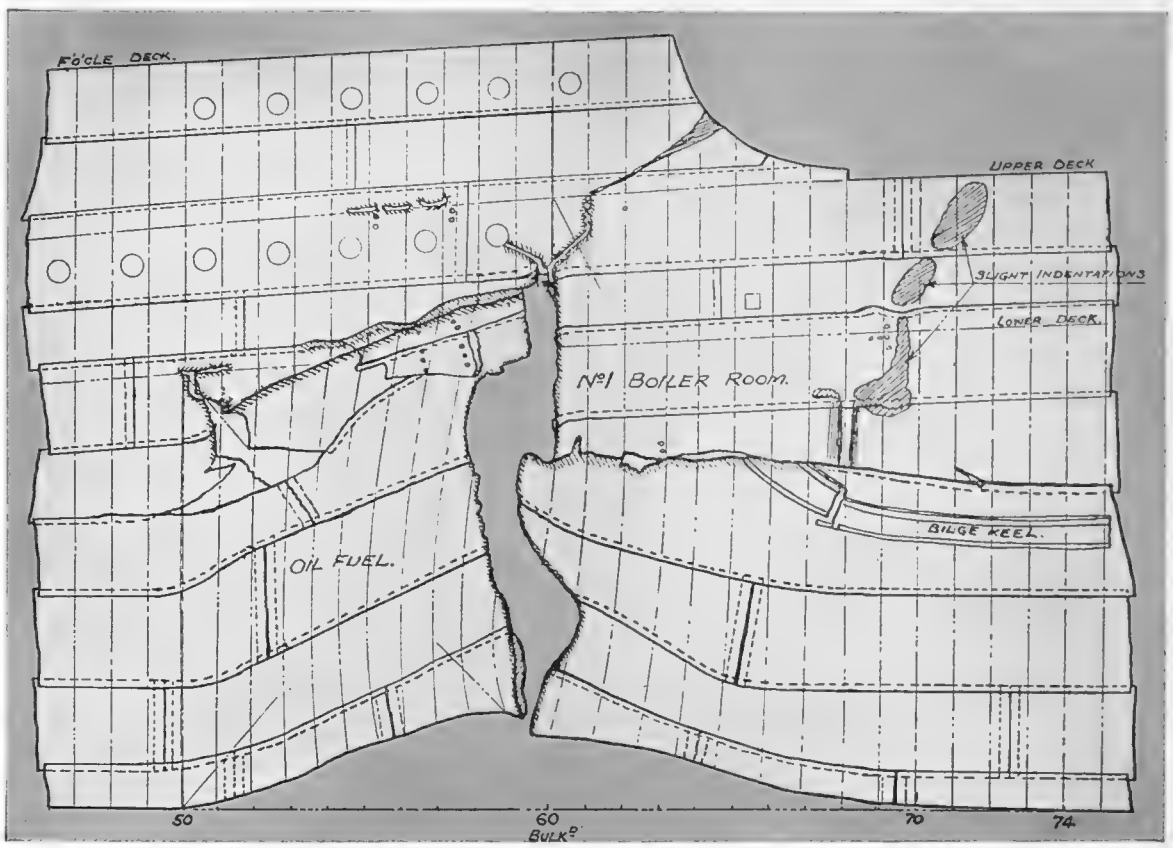
Meanwhile, the commanding officer, assisted by others, performed almost incredible feats in extracting wounded men from the flooded compartments. The explosion had killed eight men and wounded fourteen others. The commanding officer was later awarded the Albert Medal for his part in saving the wounded.

When the ship settled down on even keel she was drawing 10 ft. more than the normal at the bows, and she was drawing more than the normal aft. It was afterwards calculated that the ship had taken in about 900 tons of sea-water—a weight equal to about two-thirds of her standard displacement. This amply demonstrates the great buoyancy of the new destroyers.

One of the most amazing features of the incident was that no boiler explosion took place in spite of the fact that steam was up in the foremost of the three boilers—the one most directly affected by the explosion. If there had been a boiler explosion there is little doubt that the ship would have split in half and sunk.

The foremost boiler was forced off its seating by the explosion and blown forward and across to the starboard side. This was in the boiler room which became flooded almost immediately. No. 2 boiler was also blown off its seating and was blown bodily aft about 6 ins., so that it pierced holes in the after bulkhead of that boiler room. Not only were bulkheads buckled but the decks were torn up in places

The hull of the ship was practically cut in two below the bridge, the explosion having occurred at the most vulnerable spot in the whole ship, immediately below a main bulkhead.



SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION: A drawing showing the extent of the damage to H.M.S. *Hunter's* hull above the place where the mine went off. It was the most vulnerable spot in the ship, being in proximity to a main bulkhead, and an almost vertical cut was made nearly to the level of the upper deck

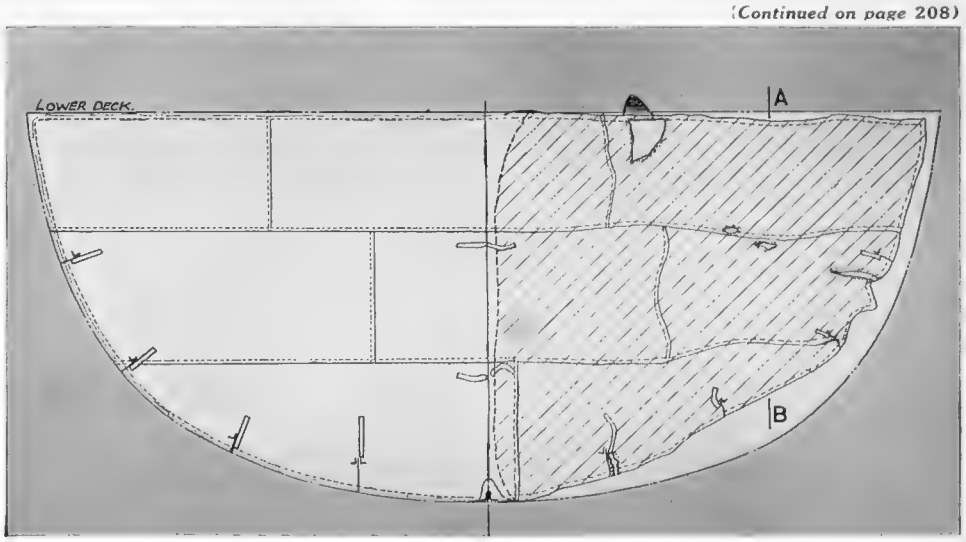
On right—THE DISTORTION OF THE HULL'S OUTLINE AT BULKHEAD 50 (to right of arrow in diagram 1)is revealed in this sketch drawn up by the Admiralty. The plating was forced right in by the explosion, but if it had been less tough the vessel would have fallen apart

Almost split in half, and with the compartments over a length of over 100 ft.—nearly one-third of the total length of the ship—flooded, the ship still floated, though she did so with her lower deck port-holes under water. That she remained afloat seemed the second miracle—the first was that there was no boiler explosion although the boiler room in which steam was up was flooded.

That the ship did not split in half and sink *was* a miracle—a miracle of strength that is being enacted every day by the designers and ship-builders who are hastening on the naval rearmament programme. H.M.S. *Hunter* was ordered under the 1934 naval building programme and was completed in September 1936, only eight months before she hit the mine. Destroyers are essentially light craft, built of thin steel plating and carrying, as well as a considerable gun and torpedo armament, boilers and engines capable of developing 34,000 h.p., that is three-quarters of the power of the engines of the battleships *Nelson* and *Rodney*.

The case of H.M.S. *Hunter* demonstrated the effective design of our new destroyers, in which the hull is sub-divided into compartments by transverse bulkheads. While the ship was generally riveted, welding was extensively used, particularly on the thin mild steel bulkheads. The accident showed not only that British methods of riveting could stand up to immense stresses, but that welding proved itself stronger and more flexible than anticipated by the critics of this form of joining plates.

(*Continued on page 208*)



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HOLDING PALESTINE

Soldiery and Police who are Carrying out with Rare Impartiality the Task of Keeping Peace in the Holy Land

IN THE HEAT OF THE DAY: British troops resting on the shady side of a Jaffa street, keeping, however, their rifles close at hand with their bayonets fixed. Vigorous measures are now being taken in Palestine, and Sir Charles Tegart, who has had great experience of countering terrorism in Bengal, has been appointed adviser to the Administration

READY FOR TROUBLE: A machine-gun post at a strategic point in a Jaffa street. *On right*—A typical native member of the Palestine police force, only a quarter of which is made up of Britons. All have the same uniform, with the one exception that the natives wear a kalpac, a kind of astrakhan cap shaped very like a fez. Technically the men are all on the same footing

THE WEATHER REPORTERS OF JAN MAYEN ISLAND

A Norwegian Meteorological Station in the Arctic

IN A WORLD OF MIST AND COLD: *Left*—The Norwegian flag and wireless mast outside the meteorological station on Jan Mayen Island in the Arctic between Greenland, Iceland, and Spitzbergen. In this lonely spot, birthplace of those dreaded low-pressure areas which presage storm in Europe, three Norwegians record weather conditions and transmit their findings to civilisation to warn it of what is to come. *Right*—One of the men catching a sea bird for his dinner

WELL ANCHORED: Sometimes the storms on Jan Mayen are so fierce that the meteorological station rocks on its foundations. The great chain seen in the foreground helps to hold the place down

THE WEATHER REPORTERS: The three men who at the moment are doing duty on Jan Mayen Island, transmitting frequent meteorological messages from their Arctic outpost. They have to have iron nerves to stand the strain of life and climate

EVERY day there come to us in the newspapers and radio bulletins meteorological reports that often enough reveal future weather conditions with remarkable accuracy, a result of evidence furnished by stations in all parts of the world and then centrally collated. Of these messages those emanating from the Arctic are by far the most important, the polar figures providing the key to European climatic conditions. Norway has three big stations in the Arctic providing this vital news, one of them being on Jan Mayen Island which, as noted above, lies practically equidistant from Greenland, Iceland, and Spitzbergen, in the very birthplace, in fact, of those dreaded low-pressure areas that presage storms to the south. There in that desolate spot, where the mean temperature is about 27·8 deg. Fah., three hardy Norwegian wireless men keep constant watch, living a rigorous life far from civilisation and providing constant reports of the trend of weather.

Jan Mayen was first seen in 1607 by the English navigator Henry Hudson (then in the Dutch service) but is named after its rediscoverer—a Dutchman—who came upon the place four years later. It is a volcanic island, almost completely bare of vegetation, and at its north extremity towers the Beerenberg, a peak rising 8,350 ft. above the sea. In the same spot is the Esk, an occasionally active volcano but not one that is accounted dangerous.

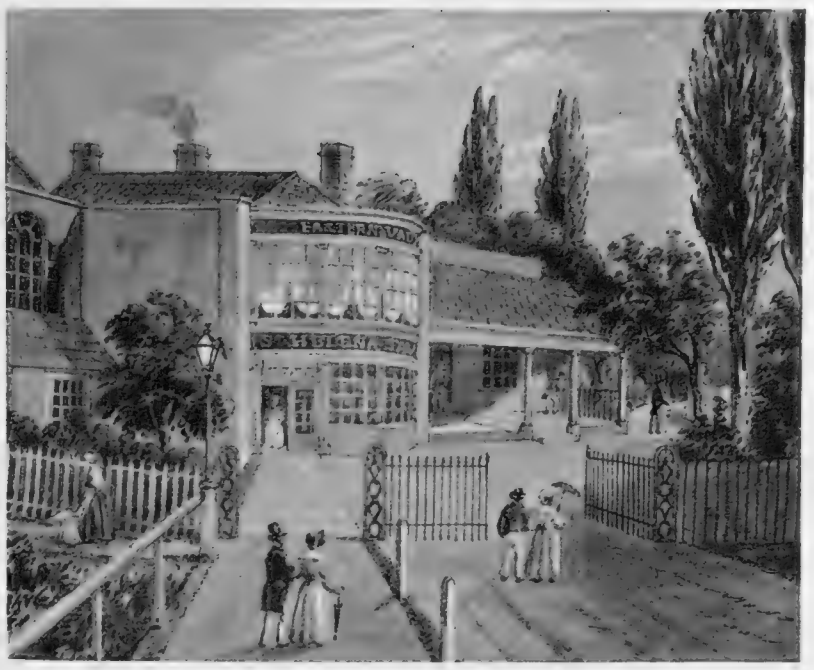
METEOROLOGICAL PIONEER: Professor Adolf Hoel who has been largely responsible for the establishment of the Arctic weather stations

ENORMOUS BONES DOT THE SHORES OF JAN MAYEN, giving a reminder that in years gone by many whaling expeditions came to this desolate spot. It is a difficult island to reach by boat, having no harbour and nothing approaching a safe anchorage, and it is possible to land there only during a month or two in the summer when conditions are particularly favourable

LONDON RESORTS OF OTHER DAYS

Old Prints from the Wakefield Collection Given to Guildhall Art Gallery

"THE HOOP AND TOY, KENSINGTON": This pleasantly executed lithograph, in the collection of old London prints presented to Guildhall Art Gallery by Lord Wakefield, unfortunately bears no signature and is undated, although it was obviously executed in the latter half of the eighteenth century when there were quite a number of inns with tea gardens attached in the Old Brompton area



ST. HELENA TEA-GARDENS, ROTHERHITHE: This resort in the East End enjoyed a short and rather notorious period of popularity as a meeting-place of the dandies and gallants of the 1840s, young bloods of Victorian times who carried on the George IV tradition. The drawing is in pen and water-colour, and its rather uninspiring technique is typical of the period. The name of the artist is unknown, as is the case with not a few of the Wakefield Collection pictures

RURAL WESTMINSTER: This charming study in pen and wash—originally intended as a sketch for a larger work—is dated 1772 and shows a back lane with garden fencing and an inn sign bearing a man's head. The scene depicted, it is believed, was not far from the present Middlesex Hospital building, although it seems quite incredible that this part of London was so countrified less than 170 years ago

THE LONDON RIVER IN 1829: A detail of a lithograph by F. V. Martens of great interest in view of the fact that it evidences that windmills were actually working near Vauxhall Bridge only just over a century ago. Much of the picture's charm also lies in the depiction of contemporary craft and in the intensely rural aspect of Battersea Fields seen in the distance. This reach of the Thames is still fairly open in aspect through the existence of spacious Battersea Park

A POPULAR THAMES-SIDE HAUNT: The Red House, Battersea, with its quaint arbour formed by two neatly clipped trees, was much patronised in the late 'forties and early 'fifties of the last century, people crossing by boat to take refreshment there. The place was mentioned by Dickens in *Sketches by Boz* and from him it may be gathered that in earlier times the surrounding Battersea Fields were known for their good pigeon shooting but were considered dangerous, rough characters from the Battersea weekly fair being wont to lie in wait and rob the well-to-do. It was not until 1858 that Battersea Park was opened

SHANGHAI CLOSE-UPS

"ME NO SAVVY"! The Chinese guard smiles his broad smile as a steel-helmeted British soldier tries to hold converse with him. A scene at the gateway of an official building on the borders of the International Settlement where our men are holding the barricades

A SOLDIER TO RECKON WITH: General Ku Chu-lung, vice Commander-in-Chief of the Chinese forces in the Shanghai sector, standing at the entrance to his headquarters. His

AFTERMATH: A Chinese fireman rolling up a length of hose following an all-night effort to save a Shanghai power house which had been hit by an incendiary bomb. Every day there are big blazes in one part of the city or another. *On left*—A well-equipped infantryman

GOOD COVER AT A POINT OF DANGER: A Chinese infantryman looking across no-man's land from a trench on the outskirts of Shanghai. The nearness of the fighting to the Settlement is such that when a bombardment is in progress the Bund seems to be literally shaking

been a tremendous task of recent weeks, but there is no bt that the resistance of his forces has been steadily stiffen- and on October 21 they delivered a powerful counter attack

On right—WHERE ARE YOU GOING? A Shanghai policeman questioning a girl wishing to leave her own quarter and enter the British concession. Provided her papers are in order she will probably be granted permission

DRAMA

Much Ado About Little at the Adelphi—Arthur Margetson in "The Laughing Cavalier": Val Gielgud's Satire Misfires in "Punch and Judy"

TRIANGLE: Lady Catherine Brooke (Flora Robson) and Mark Seeley (Jack Hawkins), the guilty lovers, are surprised and placed on tenter-hooks by the entrance of Sir Brian Brooke (Wyndham Goldie) who, wearing a bandage over his overstrained eyes, cannot see their discomfiture but may sense their presence. Scene from Margaret Kennedy's drama, *Autumn*, at the St. Martin's

WHO was the original of Franz Hals' picture which we call (though he did not) "The Laughing Cavalier"? That is a mystery no one will ever solve, though not the least reason why we should be grateful for the play of this name at the Adelphi Theatre is that it is not a mystery thriller.

The only real mystery in it is how the stage Franz Hals was ever able to paint any pictures at all, since his studio is shown as a sort of house of call for everybody in that part of seventeenth-century Holland. If this is poetic licence, then Hals was indeed a fully-licensed man, with the late Charles Pond's immortal "Shall we turn in 'ere?" as the catchword of the period.

Among the many people who turned in there was a gentleman of robustious merriment, made up into as close a resemblance to the original of the famous picture as Mr. Arthur Margetson could manage. Mr. Margetson at once fell in love with pretty little Miss Irene Eisinger who barely reached up to his sword-hilt, the long and the short of it being that he thought she was Hals' daughter. But she was, in fact, Hals' wife, and since no cavalier, laughing or otherwise, has ever been known in any age to indulge in so utterly caddish a trick as to make love to a married woman, our hero deliberately David Garrick-ed her into despising and loathing him and, after ostentatiously paying attention to an old flame, walked out of her life and out of the play.

That is about the lot, and it is not enough. I do not think such a negligible yarn is worthy of the splendid setting, vocal, orchestral and pictorial, it has been given; there is too much ado about too little. On the other hand, there is nothing in it that offends and it is free from the maudlin inanities which so often form the plot of a spectacular musical show. *The Laughing Cavalier* is from the *Du Barry* and *Rose Marie* stable and it is at least open to argument whether elaborate plot and counter-plot are so essential to the breed as is usually supposed; certainly the two just quoted succeeded mainly on their music and their decor.

I would, nevertheless, have preferred a stronger romantic interest and a better assorted pair of lovers; for those sentimental passages were so uncompromisingly chaste, Mr. Margetson taking leave of Miss Eisinger much in the fashion of Charles I bidding good-bye to one of his children on the morning of his execution, and looking rather like it too. However, he had pledged her in a glass of wine in the most melodious number of the play, he wore his handsome clothes with an air, and he gave the impression that he would have been quite adequately raffish had the authors allowed it.

Miss Eisinger sang some very un-Mozartian music with Mozartian purity of style and was deliciously demure. Mr. John Garrick (Franz Hals) made the best of a vague part—vague because when a painter, for reasons I have already indicated, is not allowed to paint and finds that most of the limelight, even in his own studio, is focused on his wife and the other fellow, he is hard put to it to know what to do. "When in doubt, sing" appeared to be the scheme, and fortunately Mr. Garrick sings well.

A scarcely more definite job was allotted to Miss Nora Swinburne, who floated about the stage saying nothing in particular and saying it very well in the sort of clear-cut aristocratic voice which goes through a cocktail party like a red hot skewer through a pat of butter. Eventually she caught the cavalier on the rebound.

The "book" as such being wholly devoid of any vestige of wit or humour, Mr. Charles Heslop was turned on to supply at any rate the latter, with Miss Viola Tree to help him. I would ask those who are censorious about anachronisms in "period" plays to suggest what any comedian—and Mr. Heslop is an exceptionally good comedian—is to do in the circumstances. Mr. Heslop was funny with almost no material at the court of Versailles in the eighteenth century (histrionically, not historically, speaking) and is funny with even less material in middle class Holland in the seventeenth. Holland in those days was, as we know, very burgher-conscious and Mr. Heslop's line is to be a lively sort of burgher among a lot of very dull old burghers.

Mr. William Mollison, who has produced the play with exquisite taste and skill, has also realised that the movements on the stage increase the gloom of the audience because (a) they do not know the reason for the gaiety and want to be in on the joke and (b) because they want to get on with the story. But in this case Mr. Mollison, possibly realising that there is precious little story to get on with, has arranged matters perfectly.

The most attractive movements of all were provided by a real Dutch ballet accompanied by real Dutch music of the period. This proved that the Russians do not have it all their own way in this line of business and also that tulips are not the only flowers found in Holland. The remainder of the music, by Mr. Wainwright Morgan, is for the most part tuneful and pleasing if of no startling originality, and it has been arranged by, and is conducted by, Mr. Ernest Irving with brilliant musicianship.

As for the feast for the eye, Mr. Aubrey Hammond has given lavishly of his genius; each scene is not only of consummate loveliness in itself but has about it the authentic atmosphere of the giants of the Dutch school of painting. Strongly do I recommend a voyage into those interiors.

MOVEMENT IN EVERY LINE—AN INSTANTANEOUS CAMERA IMPRESSION: This fine study of Roy Royston and Louise Browne dancing in *Going Greek* at the Gaiety was taken from the front of the house by Ralph Lundgren

AND FILMS: *By Philip Page*

"Punch and Judy."—The object of Mr. Val Gielgud's satire *Punch and Judy* appears to be Herr Hitler, and he has used the supposed descendants of Anthony Hope's Hentzau family as sticks to beat him with. Now Herr Hitler is no more sacrosanct than the scions of the noble families of Ruritania. But if such sticks are used for stage purposes they must hit the person they are aimed at with deadly accuracy with every blow. If they do not the whole thing is futile—and from the point of view of anti-Nazi propaganda (if such was Mr. Gielgud's object) worse than futile, since they win sympathy for the person burlesqued.

A satire has to bite, just as a farce has to be funny, and if the one does not even nibble and the other does not amuse, time and energy are not the only things wasted. I have never been so near to admiring Herr Hitler as I was when, seated in the most comfortable and beautifully redecorated Vaudeville Theatre, I saw the efforts of the stage *Führer* to make the real one look absurd, and this in spite of the fact that Mr. Frank Cellier loyally took an infinity of trouble with the part. The situations in which he had to figure were so utterly tame and the humour so halting—some parochial jokes about gossip-columnists were a fair specimen—that one felt one was listening to a nightmare parody of Mr. Bernard Shaw at his worst—that is to say Mr. Shaw when he mingles political satire with knock-about fun.

As might be expected, Mr. Gieldgud's Dictator fell from his perch after a counter-revolution, caused, so far as I could gather, by his inability to obey his own law that every physically fit and married Ruritanian male had to beget at least two children. The snag in this case was that the American millionairess to whom he was supposed to be married was in fact merely his mistress. If this is some subtle political shaft I must confess I am at a loss to understand it. If it is intended as a situation free from any secondary meaning but just funny in itself I venture to say that it is not in the least funny. And why drag in the Hentzau family at all—poor souls? And our old friend, Sapt—poor sap? And why label the thing with the names of our still older friends, Punch and Judy?

The best performance of all came from that astounding chameleon, Miss Carol Goodner. I use the word chameleon wholly in a complimentary sense, and at the risk of being zoologically or physiologically incorrect. Miss Goodner has that amazing faculty of changing her voice, appearance, and personality with every new part she plays. I would not say that in this case she has changed all three to suit her surroundings, for that would mean that she has become temporarily dull and pointless, and I do not think she could be either for a split second. Yet, since she has to be a loud-voiced American heiress of infinite physical attraction that is precisely what she is, and most effectively, except that she should curb a tendency to be so loud of voice as to appear to be regarding the Vaudeville, which is a smallish theatre, as St. Pancras Station at its busiest. That does not affect my conviction that Miss Goodner is very nearly the best actress now in London.

As recent instances of versatility I recall her English chorus girl (*English*, mark you) in *Gertie Maude*, and her quiet, black-haired adventuress in the Louis XVII play. Versatility apart, Miss Goodner gets down to fundamentals with an

(Continued on page 216)

ADVENTURE IN THE SOUTH SEAS: The three-master *Golden State* gliding along the still waters of the Pacific. A scene from *Ebb Tide*, a full-colour picture which was presented at the Plaza on October 26. The producers would appear to have been a trifle rash in selecting a story for a technicolor production with this part of the world as its setting, as the representation of the Pacific's astonishingly varied and vivid natural colouring would appear to be a matter of intense difficulty

STARS OF "EBB TIDE": Oscar Homolka, Ray Milland, and Francis Farmer make a first-rate trio in Paramount's colour film version of Robert Louis Stevenson's story of the South Seas. Homolka, who achieved such distinction in the Gaumont British picture *Rhodes of Africa*, clearly has a big future before him in Hollywood

(*On right*)—"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA": Ronald Colman plays the parts of both Rudolfs and Madeleine Carroll that of Princess Flavia in the Hollywood version of Anthony Hope's Ruritanian classic which is to be presented shortly at the new Odeon Cinema, Leicester Square in aid of the British Empire Cancer Campaign and the National Trust for Scotland. H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester will attend

"RHAPSODY ON ICE": Two impressions of Lovett and Joy McKinnon, well-known Canadian skating dancers and daughters of a Vancouver clergyman, who give a good account of themselves in Covent Garden's skating ballet which was presented on October 26 and is now running twice nightly. The ice plant installed on the stage has cost well over £10,000 and consists of three twin cylinder power compressors each driven by 20 h.p. motors and linked with five miles of piping under the rink floor. A new surface is laid before each show, the old one having been scraped off

"SODALES" BY THE LATE HENRY TONKS: "A meekly bowed Mr. Steer at the mercy of an unbuttoned and loquacious Mr. Sickert" is the *Times* art critic's apt description of this picture which has attracted such a share of notice at the eighty-eighth exhibition of the New English Art Club which is now being held at the Suffolk Street Galleries, Pall Mall East. The artist, who died only a short while ago, is represented by nine pictures

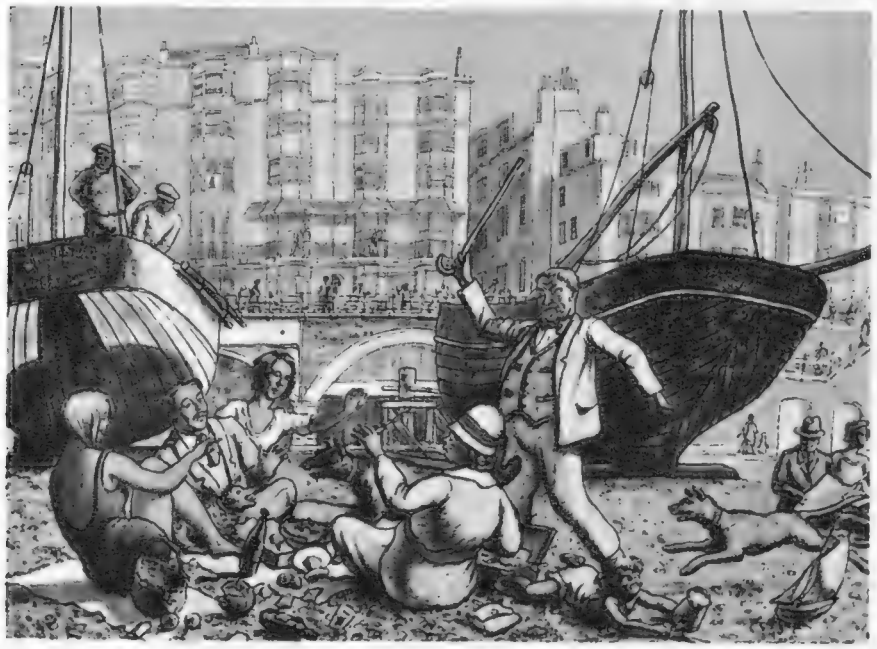
Variety at the

NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB

Some Notable Exhibits at the 88th Show

On right—"THE CRYSTAL GAZERS": Another outstanding work by the late Henry Tonks, the former Slade professor whose death was such a sad loss to English art. As a craftsman he had genius, but perhaps his biggest contribution was his introduction into England of a knowledge of the great French impressionists of the late 19th century

On right—"THE WHITE HAT": This striking canvas by Amy G. Donovan has also caught the attention of many visitors to the Suffolk Galleries. None of the pictures on view there has been exhibited at other than "one-man" shows, and most of them are being seen for the first time



IN DAUMIER'S VEIN: "Picnic," a lighthearted contribution by George Charlton, who has found a wealth of humour on Shoreham's beach and exaggerated it in delightful fashion

"BY-PASS": A vivid canvas by Leonard J. Fuller, R.O.I., A.R.C.A., at the fifty-fourth Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Oil Painters at 195, Piccadilly—a valuable record of a facet of modern life

The Royal Institute of Oil Painters Exhibition

"SUNBATHERS, CERNE ABBAS": Randolph Schwabe provides a touch of irony in his title of this picture at the New English Art Club. All six canvases he is showing depict life in the same west country town, and most of them are grouped close together in the exhibition

TWO SEA HARVESTS: *Busy Days Round Britain's Coasts*

COCKLES ON THE KENTISH SHORE

It's a far cry from this rippled stretch of sea-washed sand on the Kentish coast, where the cockles are gathered for market, to the costermonger's stall where the townsfolk stand in the glare of the naphtha lamps and buy their favourite sea-food

HERRINGS OF THE DEEP NORTH SEA

These Scottish fisher girls, now at Lowestoft, who follow the herring shoals on their journey down Britain's eastern coast, find life hard enough at the best of times, but they do their work with a will and it is a sight to see the lightning speed with which they de-gut the herrings, salt them, and place them in barrels on the quayside immediately after the catch has been brought in

GIRLS *of the* NEW BRIGADE

The Sophisticated Cabaret Beauties of a Year or so Back Give Place to no Less Delightful Performers who Live a Life of Almost Monastic Discipline

By CHARLES GRAVES

THEY TAKE LIFE SERIOUSLY: For all their blonde loveliness these Merriel Abbott dancers at the Dorchester are not the cabaret girls of tradition. They rise early, study hard at the Polytechnic, diet rigidly, and after the show is over do not linger for a moment in London's night haunts. Theirs is a rigid discipline and they enjoy it

THE entertainment world of London is as fickle as men's tempers. And even when it apparently remains stationary for a brief period, its essential ingredients alter out of all recognition. Take Les Girls. Les Girls were imported as a last desperate effort by the big hotels in Park Lane to find a substitute for the rapidly-waning popularity of male double turns at the piano, exhibition dancers, women crooners, and other semi-individual acts. Les Girls provided a brand new entertainment for London. Their blonde locks, blue eyes, and elegant curves were irresistible. They were the vehicle—perhaps I should say the Rolls-Royce, or, better still, the Packard—of a full-length, supper-time entertainment which caused the supper crowds to spend thousands of pounds a week to see them.

The Dorchester Hotel was the pioneer of this form of entertainment. After various efforts to find a suitable substitute it has reverted again to Les Girls. But what a difference! In the place of internationally-known beauties like Xandra Rambeau and Evelyn Crowell, the Merriel Abbott Girls take the floor. The original Les Girls were responsible for the success or failure of London's smart night clubs. They seldom went to bed before dawn; they seldom rose before luncheon. Orchid sprays covered most of their façade. They were like Solomon's lilies—neither toiling nor spinning. Their ages ranged from nineteen to twenty-six. Their sophistication was unparalleled. Anita Loo's heroines in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* were kindergarten kids in comparison.

The Merriel Abbott Girls, also eleven in number, range from sixteen to twenty-one. Their average height cannot be much more than 5 ft. 3 ins. They are hard at work from dawn till after midnight. They have no beaux. They have no time for them.

Here is a typical day in their lives. They are called at 8 a.m. at their apartments in Old Burlington Street. Most of them cook their own breakfast—toast and coffee, with perhaps cereals and fresh fruit. At 9 a.m. (believe it or not) they are at class at the Polytechnic in Regent Street. For two hours they are hard at work studying chemistry, geometry, history, geography, algebra, or botany. At 11 a.m. they rush off home and receive massage for their legs and/or body for three-quarters of an hour. At 12 noon they are back at the Polytechnic doing their lessons once more. At 1 p.m. they have a break for lunch. Lunch consists of salads. They must not eat meat.

At 1.30 p.m. until 2.30 p.m. they are given private lessons in French; 3 p.m. sees them at the Polytechnic once more until 4.15 p.m. At 5 p.m. they are out of their day clothes and into their shorts for a rehearsal which will last two hours at the Dorchester. They dine at 8 p.m. Even their dinner is routine stuff—roast beef or grilled mutton chops with salad and a green vegetable compulsory. Pies and pastries are taboo. Nor can they have alcohol from that moment until after their final show.

At 10 p.m. they give the dinner-time performance in the floor show. Between the end of the performance and their midnight reappearance on the rising floor they study their homework. I do not expect you really to believe me, but it is true. And it is an odd sight seeing the girls in silk pyjamas and other negligee with all their stage make-up poring anxiously over their history books asking each other "Who was the power behind Lady Jane Grey?" or "What is the capital of Lithuania?" After their second performance, which lasts until 1.15 a.m., they go straight home to bed, allowing themselves, however, ten minutes or so to get word-perfect for class at the Polytechnic next day.

This sounds the most preposterous ballyhoo about the private lives of these beauty girls. I repeat however, that it is nothing but the truth. They get only six and a half hours sleep but, as I have shown, not because of night clubs. Twice a week, what is more, they are compelled to sandwich two dancing lessons at an Academy in Baron's Court in between their other activities.

I spoke to one of these girls. I asked her what she did about boy friends. She said very simply "We really haven't any time for them. A boy friend of mine came over from Paris to see me. He seemed much upset when I told him that I had no chance of seeing him. Finally I took him with me to the Polytechnic to class, and he made himself very useful. He took marvellous notes on English literature for me." This girl, Marion Polson, added that on Saturday afternoons when they had no classes they went on organised sight-seeing tours—the Tower of London, Madame Tussaud's, Windsor, and the Houses of Parliament being places they have visited already.

She went on to say that her own weight is 110 lb., and that she, like the other girls, is fined 5 dollars if she is as much as 1 lb. overweight. "Where do you think the eleven of you will be in ten years time?" I asked. "Probably six of us will have married business men, doctors, and lawyers, and so on," she said; "one may have become a film star. After all, Ginger Rogers, Louise Brown, and the Dolly Sisters were Merriel Abbott Girls. Two will probably have become dancing teachers. I intend to be one myself before I marry. One may have become an exhibition dancer on her own; and the eleventh will perhaps have changed her profession and gone into business as a secretary."

Marion Polson then told me that it is a rule of "teacher," as Merriel Abbott is called, that no girl in her troupe may go out alone with a young man. She must always be chaperoned by another. In Chicago, which is Merriel Abbott's headquarters, there are 600 pupils.

Some start as early as four years old, like Jean Guest, who is in the present show. Most of them begin at about the age of ten. They take lessons in dancing at a fee of 15 dollars a month. By the time they are seventeen most of the girls go off to college or into business. Others graduate as members of the permanent cabaret run by Merriel Abbott in the Palmer House Hotel in Chicago. At the present minute there are two troupes, one there and one in London.

They are paid £5 to £6 a week in Chicago and £15 a week in London, on which, however they have to pay their own way. The girls can leave whenever they like at fourteen days notice. Many of them do so—to get married. It is interesting to note that Merriel Abbott, whose husband is one of the leading doctors in the United States, turns over all the profits of her extraordinary business to a ward for crippled children in a Chicago hospital.

Before coming to London the Merriel Abbott Girls performed in Deauville, Biarritz, Juan-les-Pins, and Paris. In Paris they had to go sightseeing and were taught French ballet dancing and acrobatics. Each girl, moreover, was ordered to keep a journal, with a diamond watch as the prize for the best journal kept. At Deauville they took swimming lessons, and their French teacher was present to instruct them in history. Biarritz was their only real holiday. At Juan-les-Pins they were coached in water ski-ing, and their ever-present French teacher gave them lessons every day in the gardens. They were also taken sightseeing, and had to take sun-baths.

During her brief period in London I met Merriel Abbott herself. She is an extraordinary woman with the strongest views about the rigid moral upbringing of her dancing girls. If they wish to leave her she puts nothing in their way, but if they stay with her they must lead model lives.

It is almost a mission in life with her that these chorus girls should acquire a suitable background and, in fact, prepare themselves between shows for a happy married life in some small or large town in the United States.

Four of the girls in the present show must matriculate before April. All of them are encouraged if not compelled to improve their education and even their physique.

The surprising thing is how, despite this schoolroom atmosphere, they still manage to look as attractive and even as exciting as they do.

ENCHANTMENT: Yes, they are delightful dancers these Merriel Abbott Girls, but no night birds. They may inspire, but they certainly don't encourage the stage-door Johnny. They are Les Girls of the new brigade—serious-minded to a degree, but withal enchanting in the eyes of the mere male

ROYALTY IN THE PRINCIPALITY

And Other Pictorial Subjects of Personal Interest

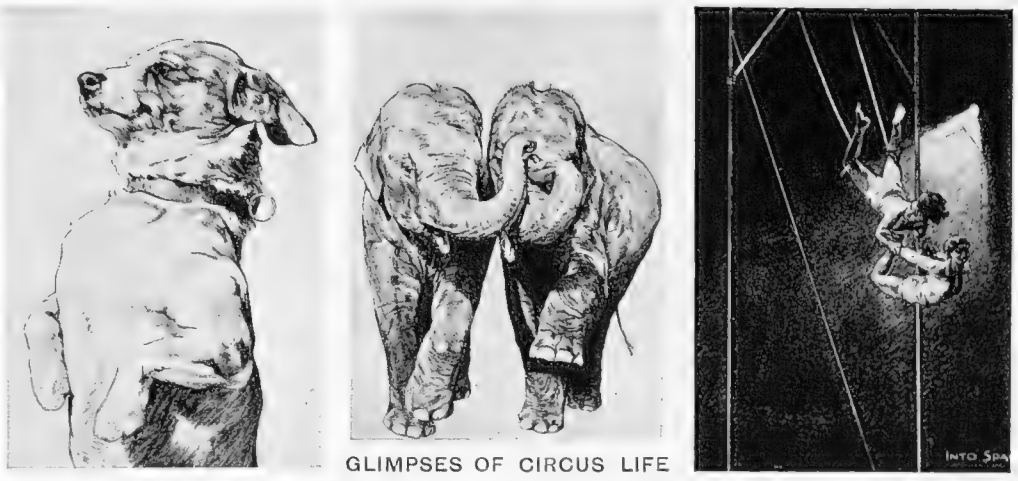
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT VISIT WALES: Last week Their Royal Highnesses spent two days in the Principality on a long round of public engagements. *Left*—The Duke, wearing the robes of Chancellor of the University of Wales, in which office he had just been installed in succession to the Duke of Windsor, pictured as he invested the Duchess with the honorary degree of Doctor of Music in the Brangwyn Hall, Swansea. *Right*—Their Royal Highnesses at the meeting of the Chapter and General Assembly of the Priory for Wales of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. The Duke wore the robes of Prior and the Duchess the uniform of Lady Superintendent-in-Chief for Wales, a position she has just accepted and one that brings her into close touch with the nursing services

TELEVISION COMMÈRE: Nineteen-year-old Miss Sheila Douglas-Pennant, daughter of the Captain of H.M.S. *Iron Duke* and niece of the Speaker of the House of Commons, seen in the studio at Alexandra Palace where she is introducing some of the turns in the B.B.C. programmes. Miss Douglas-Pennant is an accomplished singer and dancer and has a certain facility for composing patter of a tongue twisting and engaging kind

THE NEW JUDGE OF THE MAYOR'S AND CITY OF LONDON COURT: Judge Beazley pictured in his office at the Central Criminal Court, Old Bailey

IT'S AN OLD ENGLISH CUSTOM: The City Solicitor cutting faggots with a bill-hook during the ancient ceremony at the Law Courts of the Rendering of Quit Rent Services to the Crown by the Corporation of the City of London. The bill-hook, which is afterwards handed to the King's Remembrancer, symbolises the payment of Quit Rent, a tax that in earlier times was levied on all freeholders or copyholders wishing to be absolved from feudal service

The WORLD *of* BOOKS : *Reviewed by* VERNON FANE



GLIMPSES OF CIRCUS LIFE

Three expressive studies in black and white from Bertha Bennet Burleigh's new illustrated book "Circus" which has just been published by Collins, and brilliantly conjures up life in the sawdust ring. Left—"Aren't I a Clever Dog." Centre—"Dancing in Harmony." Right—"Into Space."

AS befits a man who, at the age of seventeen, attended the Coronation of King George V, Mr. Douglas Jerrold calls his autobiography **GEORGIAN ADVENTURE** (Collins. 15s.). Somewhere in its pages the author declares: "I don't read—I write." The evidence is all in support of that forthright statement. In surveying his adventures in that epoch which Mr. Jerrold insists is ended, "whether we like it or not. . . . Not a score of archbishops can recreate it," the author claims to have lived sufficiently close to great events to be able to know what was going on, but not so close as to be prevented from saying what he knows.

Mr. Jerrold, of course, is a survivor from that generation, sometimes described as "lost," which poured out its youth upon the battlefields of what is described as the "great" war. Few among that remnant have girded themselves quite so vigorously for the political battles which have resulted in the realignment we see in the world to-day. For it is apparent that what matters in this book is not so much what Mr. Jerrold knows, or what he has done, as what he thinks.

His very opening sentence is a challenge. "We, too, have lived in Arcadia." Born a classic Liberal; Westminster, New College, the Oxford Union; serving in the R.N.D. on Gallipoli and in France; dabbling in immediate post-war politics the author's Arcadia, let there be no doubt about it, is the Victorian age. "We grew up in homes fortified and dignified by a long epoch of secure continuity." So we need not be surprised when, deciding to become a publisher and to join the house of Benn, he remarks: "I find nothing alien in being in trade," or that he continues, "I think, on the contrary, that just as a woman ought to be able to do everything that has to be done in a house, so anyone with ambitions for public life should be able to speak from practical experience of the essential activities of man."

(I thought this was so interesting a point that I asked a youthful organiser of the Left Book Club whether he considered publishing to be one of the essential activities of man. His answer, in the words of Beachcomber, was tantamount to a rebuff.)

In short Mr. Jerrold uses his very active and adventurous life in order, in the form of autobiography, to prove that a man may politically be on the extreme Right and still a member of the intelligentsia, and that quick intelligences and forensic skill may still lurk in the camp of Colonel Blimp. The phenomenon is exhilarating. Whilst I may not agree with a single one of Mr. Jerrold's conclusions, and perhaps because I prefer the slogan of his distinguished contemporary, Mr. A. P. Herbert, "a plague on both your blouses", I must confess to enjoying the spectacle of the omnipresent output of proletarian literature getting a kick in the pants.

Mr. Herbert Asquith belongs to the same generation and was obviously born to the same political mantle as Mr. Douglas Jerrold. **MOMENTS OF MEMORY** (Hutchinson. 18s.) is a volume of his reminiscences. His career was curiously similar: Winchester, Balliol, and war service with the R.N.D.

There the similarity stops, for no political axe-grinding jars the reader of these pages. Assuredly in those years Mr. Asquith lived close to great events, and a good deal closer than most. Yet they are quiet pages, full of sound observation, valuable, I will warrant, to a future historian, and with so careful and lucid accounts of some of the most crucial of the major operations of the war.

No son of so eminent a man as the late Lord Oxford could embark upon an autobiography without a tribute, in aura, to his father. Nor is it any criticism of the author to say that the book's chief value is the light it sheds upon the life and character of that great man. Not an easy task to achieve, this side idolatry.

But idolatry, as we are to know, is something foreign to the Asquith character. The calm strength of the statesman was fortified by his ability at all times to be "smilingly judicious." To this inherited quality the son gracefully adds self-effacement, and the result is an objective and almost dispassionate account of some of the most stressful times in his father's career. The bitterest of opponents are treated fairly, without rancour, and even with an acceptance of the necessity for their actions.

So it is in the evening of the years, for, the war ended, Mr. Asquith deserts the personalia unashamedly and devotes the last pages of his book to one whom he describes as one of its "chief figures." These pages have a charm and integrity of their own, and round off a volume which succeeds in being a great and gracious tribute to a great and gracious man.

A biography of Lord Haldane comes most appositely following the last book, for the name of Haldane is the most frequent of Asquith's friends and colleagues in those pages. First at the Bar and in their subsequent political careers they grew up together. It was on Asquith's insistence that Haldane was given Cabinet rank. "The Woolsack being, in spite of all my arguments and efforts, elsewhere . . . " he went to the War Office. "Nobody," answered C.B., "will touch it with a pole." "Then give it to me," Haldane answered.

Thus, in what Sir Frederick Maurice in his biography **HALDANE** (Faber. 18s.) describes as the Liberal Revival, the office of War Minister came into the hands of a lawyer of proved brilliance as well as that *rara avis* a philosopher among politicians.

Haldane's creation of the Territorial Army, of the Expeditionary Force, and of the subsequent effect of those creations upon the outcome of the war are a matter of history. Still a matter of controversy, as we see from the correspondence columns of the newspapers even at this date, are the circumstances of his removal from office in May, 1915. The campaign of vituperation against Haldane in the early days of the war is also a matter of history. Through their leader, Mr. Bonar Law, the Conservatives insisted that Haldane should have no part in the new Coalition Government. "With real regret," Asquith was compelled to agree. "Grey was furious and wished to resign, but was persuaded by Asquith that it was his duty to his country to remain."

What is not generally known, and here revealed by Sir Frederick Maurice, is that "the King's reply to the attacks, as it was to be a little later when similar attacks came from the same quarter upon Kitchener, was to award Haldane the Order of Merit." There were others, also in a position to know the true worth of the man called upon to accept such humiliation, who deplored the manner of it. "Indignant letters from his soldier friends in France and from many others poured in." In this connection Mr. Herbert Asquith also records that after his resignation Haldane "went off to stay with senior officers in France, many of whom were his personal friends, and knowing well his real services to the Army, were not in the least affected by the ignorant rancours at home."

I would like here to be allowed a personal diversion in the shape of a famous History Don who always contrived to end a lecture with the tag that if so-and-so had not happened "the whole course of European history might have been changed." Haldane, we learn from Sir Frederick Maurice, hankered after the Woolsack. When he got it he may have been thought to have realised his ambition. But it was not so. Due to the exigencies of party politics he had to go to the House of Lords. The country gained a Lord Chancellor more qualified to hold that office than many of its undistinguished incumbents, and lost a great War Minister. The Liberal Party needed "strengthening" in the Lords, but the Curragh business was just round the corner and when that corner was reached, Asquith had himself to take over the War Ministry. Then the war broke out, and on Haldane's advice, Kitchener was made War Minister. Haldane, the real architect of Britain's effectual military strength was on the shelf—the Woolsack. Kitchener had no faith in the Territorial Army: the whole carefully planned structure was scrapped: the New Armies were improvised.

How far might the course of European history have been changed had not Asquith felt "that he must have someone in the Lords on whom he could rely" and had Loreburn's tenure of the Woolsack been continued a couple of years?

Lord Haldane needs no tribute from a reviewer whose knowledge of his life and times has been enriched by his honest biography which, in spite of its definitiveness and necessary documentation, succeeds in all the human and readable qualities.

Nobody who has read *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* can fail to have been interested in the character of Ronald Storrs, Oriental Secretary of the Residency and, according to Colonel Lawrence, "the most brilliant Englishman in the Near East."

Our hero hath written a book, appropriately entitled **ORIENTATIONS** (Nicholson and Watson. 21s.). His autobiography, in fact. The subtlety, the efficiency, the love of music and letters, of sculpture, of whatever was beautiful in the world's fruit, noted by Lawrence, all are here.

Strange men, these Empire builders—or should we, in these days, call them Empire savers? Lawrence respected Storrs for his scholarship and his æsthetic sensibilities; delighted in his company (and in his library) and was always running in to sharpen wit against intellect. But it was as a man of action that he praised most the *dilettante*.

This is a large fat book. Too large and too fat. Sir Ronald Storrs lost all his records, "consciously prepared or preserved as such" in the burning of Government House while he ruled Cyprus (he lost many other and more beautiful things). So, for this record, he has had to fall back upon

BOTTICELLI AS A PORTRAITIST: These reproductions are taken from the beautifully illustrated book on the works of the Florentine master of devotional painting which has been published by George Allen and Unwin in conjunction with the Phaidon Press, Vienna, and is offered at the low price of 10s. 6d. *Left*—Imaginary portrait of Simonetta Vespucci. *Centre*—This head of one of the Three Graces is a detail from the "Primavera" and evidences not only the artist's brilliance in portraying feminine beauty but his attention to minor detail in his great canvases. *Right*—The head of St. John; a detail from "The Madonna Enthroned with Six Saints"

(*Continued on page* 208)

NEWS IN HEADLINES

Of white velvet, quilted with gold thread embroidery, this exquisite wedding dress of the Mary Stuart period is a Gloria Vanderbilt model. With its taffeta underskirt and its lace jabot, it seems all romance, but the practical side has not been forgotten, for when the coat is taken off it leaves a charming off-the-shoulder evening frock. It comes from the Younger Set Department at Harrods

WHAT a year in which to be a bride, with everything conspiring to stress the romantic and the beautiful. What a year, with fashion in a mood to make swans out of geese, with colours, and make-up, and accessories all helping to bring gaiety and glamour.

One of the things about which no woman will be able to afford to take any chances is her hair, for with hats mounting high by day, and veils fluttering lightly by night only the most perfect of coiffures will be attractive.

If you are feeling rather dim and tired of your looks, now is the time to let Emile, of 24, Conduit Street, W., create an entirely new hairdressing for you. But do not experiment on the eve of some special occasion. You will only feel self-conscious, and anyhow, one's hair never behaves quite so well when first it is set differently.

On this page we have sketched for you three of Emile's newest inspirations. The girl at the top wears her hair brushed up from the brow in four even curls, with the parting in the centre. Here she has pinned a sequin flower, shining against the lovely smoothness of her brow, while at the back her hair is brushed up in a close roll.

The second girl has a complete bandeau of small curls, with her hair cleverly swirled across the back. Tiny tendrils lie lightly on her forehead, but the actual curls and waves are swept upwards to give the new height. You can see the front of the hairdressing on the girl who is wearing the bridal coronet.

Made of closely-massed pearls and minute orange-blossom buds, it is Russian in shape, and is universally flattering. All the head-dresses on this page come from Emile, where they can be made in practically any colour.

The fourth girl wears her hair in a completely new way. Instead of having it brushed up, she has it swept forward and under at the front, with loose roll-curls following the same line to the back of the head. Her sequin bow and veil is a charming phantasy which is proving deservedly popular. The moment a woman decorates her hair she appears radiantly well dressed, and only those who wear such ornaments can know how greatly they can increase the effectiveness of the simplest frock.

THE LONG WHITE LINE: An army of painters engaged in renewing white lines and other safety marks which have been obliterated under the wheels of the traffic. Nowadays this task provides regular employment for hundreds of men throughout the country. Special quick-drying hard-wearing paint is used

LOST IN EARLS COURT

The Difficulty of Finding any Particular Stand Was Accentuated by the Standardised Signs at the Show

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

NOW that the Motor Show is over and there has been time for reflection I think I am safe in saying that it has been as good as other Motor Exhibitions, perhaps even a little better. A lot of discussion has taken place as to whether Earls Court is better than Olympia for the Annual Motor Show. The place is definitely colossal, but when a visit is paid to the gallery it is no easy job to find one's way about. My own impression was that the standardised signs, which took the form of hanging banners, were not good. Visitors entering the main hall had the greatest difficulty in finding out where any particular stand was situated, except those in their immediate vicinity.

On more than one occasion I overheard visitors after looking at an exhibit, discussing amongst themselves as to what make of car was holding their attention. Actually, they could not tell until they looked towards the roof so as to find out the name on the hanging banner. At the Paris Exhibition they have had standardised signs but, as might be expected, they carry out the scheme in a far more artistic manner and the Grand Palais is always more gaily decorated than even Olympia ever was. Earls Court is bare and colourless.

The stands and the signs which used to be seen at Olympia had the advantage of enabling visitors to pick out at a glance as they passed through the turnstiles the exact location of any particular exhibit they wished to inspect, provided, of course, they had previously paid a visit. For instance, the striking stand of Rolls-Royce was always a landmark and naturally served as a guide to a large number of people who were probably looking for some other exhibit.

Of course, Earls Court being so new, nobody knew their way about and this perhaps may account for the opinion I have heard expressed amongst exhibitors that the Show this year was not nearly so matey as were similar functions in past years at Olympia. Next year I think the S.M.M.T. should do something to brighten up the place and I feel certain that if they could only produce more exhibits like Sir Malcolm Campbell's Blue Bird boat and car they would get even bigger crowds than passed through the turnstiles on this occasion.

The galleries at Earls Court are definitely strange. First of all, it is a little difficult to find the necessary means of access from the main hall. Having found it the visitor is delighted to discover the means of conveyance is neither a lift nor his muscles but a moving stairway. Whether there is a similar means of conveyance to return people to mother earth again I cannot tell, but I spent a number of days looking for an escalator working in the opposite direction but was unable to find it.

One thing about Earls Court is that it is extremely accessible by Underground, but I regret to state that as far as car parking is concerned it presents the same problems as did Olympia in the old days before the modern garage was built. On each occasion I found "house full" notices outside the car parks and after being misdirected down various cul-de-sacs I parked my car in London and came out by Underground. Another disappointment about Earls Court was that the atmosphere was not quite so clear as I had hoped but, of course, the crowds were bigger and the outside atmosphere slightly foggy. Personally, a visit to Earls Court was well worth while even to inspect the buildings themselves, because there is nothing just quite like them in Europe.

FIVE SEATED IN COMFORT: The excellent accommodation both for passengers and driver in the new Wolseley 12/48 saloon is clearly illustrated in the above picture

A new Shell oil has made its appearance and when I say new I use the word advisedly because it is not the old Shell oil just added to or altered. This new oil prevents dry starting because it contains an exclusive oily compound which makes it cling to the cylinder walls. This protective film remains on the walls after the engine cools down and prevents corrosion of the metal from taking place. As might be expected it also assists in making starting easier and prevents the metal to metal contact between the pistons and the cylinder walls when starting up.

I rather think that the average motorist imagines that a firm like Shell, when they want a new oil to meet the harsh conditions imposed by modern engines, sinks a well in a new district, and up bubbles the precious liquid. As a matter of fact, before a new oil, such as this latest Shell, is offered to the public an immense amount of research work has to be completed. All kinds of tests are undertaken, some of a remarkable character.

For instance, to try out this new Shell product a refrigerator chamber, big enough to take a whole car, was constructed and a new model, in which the clearances are less and the engine generally stiffer than on a used car, was put into the chamber and the car completely frozen for 16 hours. The sump had previously been filled with some of the new Double-Shell medium oil. After this drastic treatment the car started in 7 seconds.

The new Shell is sold in distinctive pint and quart tins, shaped like flattened cones, and users will find that these tins make pouring out a simple matter.

The other day I read in the paper that a motorist had been summoned and convicted for driving dangerously or carelessly because he refused to slow down and make room for a car which had drawn out of his line and then found it could not proceed any farther without colliding with opposing traffic unless it could regain its original line. I am very keen whenever I am on the road to extend courtesies to other drivers, but when a driver pulls out from behind me and wishes to overtake I consider he is perfectly entitled to do so, provided he can see well ahead that the new position in which his car will have to go is clear and safe; but if I am following close to the tail of another car and this overtaking driver expects me to slow down and make a space for him between my car and that of the one in front, then I am afraid that I become very pigheaded.

Every day of our lives we run across instances where, owing to the narrowness of the road, or because there is a blind corner ahead, we dare not come out of the queue of cars in which we find ourselves. Every now and again, however, we do notice that an ultra-impatient driver comes out of the queue, makes a new line of traffic and finds himself in an impossible position because traffic bears down on him from the opposite direction. Such drivers, I think, should be prosecuted and certainly not the drivers who are staying in the slow-moving queue.

The new lighting regulations came into force on October 3. Although the wording is drawn out and perhaps difficult to follow they may be summarised more or less simply. Side lamps must be fitted with frosted or similar glass; the bulbs used therein must not be of greater power than 7 watts and the wattage must be distinctly marked on the bulbs. Needless to say, all reputable bulb manufacturers carry out this provision but motorists who use cheap Japanese products may find themselves in trouble because the wattage is not indicated. As regards head-lamps, these must not be of a dazzling nature when dipped or dimmed. To say whether a lamp in this condition does dazzle is a matter of argument because the regulations do not define the word "dazzle."

There are very few cars which, in their present state, do not comply with the new law's requirements. There are, however, a certain number fitted with two head-lamps and the only dimming device is a switch which cuts out one lamp, leaving the other pointing straight forward which, in my opinion, results in just as much dazzle as if both were burning. People with cars thus equipped will certainly have to do something about it, otherwise there is likely to be trouble.

SUPERSTITION DIES HARD: Manx people still salute the "little people" as they pass the Fairy Bridge on the main Douglas-Castletown road which takes a lot of traffic. It is amazing to note the number of people who, to-day, still observe this age-old custom

ACROSS A WELSH RAVINE: Work is in progress on a road viaduct across the river Clydack in Breconshire. The viaduct will enable traffic to avoid the narrow Gilwern Bridge on the Crickhowell road. This work forms part of a £15,000 road improvement scheme

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H.M.S. "HUNTER" HITS A MINE

(*Continued from page 190*)

The terrific strain which was put upon the ship by the explosion is shown by the fact that it lifted the fore part of the ship bodily, causing buckling of the plates all round the hull at a point some 130 ft. abaft the place where the explosion occurred.

H.M.S. *Hunter* was towed into Almeria by local craft where the extent of the damage was ascertained. On the following day she left in tow of the cruiser *Arethusa* for Gibraltar. She had to be towed very slowly stern first, and the voyage of 150 miles took two-and-a-half days. Fortunately the weather remained calm throughout the passage. At Gibraltar H.M.S. *Hunter* was docked and temporary repairs were carried out to enable the ship to proceed to Malta for the very extensive repairs necessary. Even the temporary repairs at Gibraltar took twelve weeks to carry out. Among other things they entailed the building of a new structure to join the fore part of the ship on to the remainder of the hull.

It is clear from the story of H.M.S. *Hunter* that the smaller number of ships available to-day is being set off in no small measure by the skill with which British designers and shipbuilders are producing ships capable of withstanding punishment far better than did the ships of the great war. **Kenneth Edwards**

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(*Continued from page 204*)

what seems to be a remarkable memory, aided by the preservation of his weekly letters to his mother. Records can be pruned, memory can sometimes be too verbose; or shall we say well-stocked?

The criticism is captious. Few of us are called upon to make history; those who do are compelled to fill in all the blanks in an *apologia pro vita sua*. The reviewer who is unable by lack of special knowledge to judge of actions in Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, Cyprus and elsewhere cannot fail to be interested in the autobiographist. By anecdote and aside he reveals the cultivated mind, alive to everything not vulgarised by the common touch, a Curzon among Oriental secretaries, plus an æsthetic sensibility which George Nathaniel hadn't got.

His chapter on Lawrence, like every other attempt to paint the chameleon I have ever read, reveals more of himself than anything in the book. How the little man would have enjoyed the purple patch in the "mortuary chamber," but I doubt if the author would have enjoyed that enjoyment any more than he would have cared to have repeated a literary luncheon speech with the Bunyan peroration to the living T. E.

Which is all as it should be, for the author can quite well see how one reader can enjoy his book without wishing to pat a most unpattable back. What are you to do with a man who confesses that his life is "freely

CONTINUATIONS

and eagerly disencumbered" with "all books about books, save about the four greatest; first editions, water-colours, miniatures, Victorian art revivals, *netsukés*—with all very small objects (and very large objects), Verdi, César Franck, and Sibelius; cards, golf, shooting, and racing; tobacco, spirits, cocktails, and liqueurs; restaurants with bands; long and fast motor car journeys; fervent converts to any religion or cause."

Well, well, well . . . but the sense faints . . . perhaps we had better leave it at that.

A man may be a fashionable painter without necessarily being a painter of fashionable people. The dust cover of M. Jacques-Emile Blanche's **PORTRAITS OF A LIFETIME** (Dent. 18s.) carries a formidable list of famous men "who appear in these pages." Writers, painters, dramatists, poets, dancers, impresarios—all of them great names, but none that is "fashionable" in the social sense. For, as these pages reveal, M. Blanche was the friend and confidant of men of the arts and letters.

At the same time we are never allowed to forget that the author is of an age and generation which paid a good deal of respect to rank and title. He may have indignantly refused to paint Rufus Isaacs "with his mouth full of fish and eggs, reading newspapers" but the sitter was not yet a Marquess. King Edward VII also adorns the jacket, as well as a reproduction of "Royalties Walking in Hyde Park, 1896."

Painters when they write are invariably interesting in as much as they see their subjects through a painter's eye. Much has already been written about the great and near-great who adorned the literary and artistic circles of Paris and London in the 'nineties, but somehow M. Blanche seems to light each vignette with a new and individual observation. The wit may carry its date, as for instance, "Truly and honestly I have come to the conclusion that one should not call any fashion ugly so long as it is the *latest*" but the portrait of its perpetrator, the late Harry Melvill, does not lack modern point.

An art critic, reviewing M. Jacques-Emile Blanche's current exhibition at Tooth's remarks how consistently the artist has brought himself up to date. It is also true of this book of reminiscences. His Dieppe pages are as redolent of Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, Aubrey Beardsley, Oscar Wilde, and Harry Melvill as the Dieppe paintings are of Boudin, but he can tackle a post-war phenomenon like Mabel Dodge and discuss the style of Gertrude Stein with Jean Cocteau with all the airs and tricks of a retailer of yesterday's gossip.

In addition to the books reviewed on page 204 and on this page the Editor also draws the attention of readers to the following new publications:—

The Sportsman's Bedside Book, by B. B. (*Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.*): The author's pleasant style, so in tune with the life of the country, the black and white drawings of G. D. Armour, and the etchings of D. J. Watkins-Pitchford combine to make this a delightful volume for casual reading. It is written in the form of a diary and touches on hunting, shooting, fishing, and all the varied pastimes of rural England.

Hounds of the World, by Sir John Buchanan-Jardine, Bt., M.F.H., M.B.H. (*Methuen. 30s.*): This comprehensive study of all the breeds of hounds employed for hunting in England, France, and America, includes an exhaustive inquiry into their respective origins and raises many points of importance and indeed of controversy on the question of breeding. Numerous colour plates and half-tones illustrate the text.

Circus, written and illustrated by Bertha Bennet Burleigh. (*Collins. 15s.*): A well-produced art publication containing a series of bold line drawings that conjure up admirably life in the sawdust ring.

Dogs Rough and Smooth, by Lucy Dawson. (*Collins. 10s. 6d.*): A fascinating collection of canine studies superbly drawn in a manner reminiscent of the late Cecil Aldin. This should make an admirable Christmas gift-book.

My Life, by Angus Watson. (*Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 12s. 6d.*): The autobiography of a man who has made his way in the world of business and has become known to a wide public for his outspoken views on such subjects as religion, temperance, free trade, and rationalisation.

Oxford Limited, by Keith Briant. (*Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.*): Here a former editor of *The Isis* gives his views on the university of to-day, showing the strength and the weaknesses of its organisation and revealing much of a surprising and even startling nature.

South by Thunderbird, by Hudson Strode. (*Hamish Hamilton. 15s.*): The author makes an aerial circuit of South America, visiting the big nations and cities from the Guianas to the Argentine, from Bogota to Montevideo, and recording his impressions with the skill of a trained observer.

Yesterday's Child, by Beryl Lee Booker. (*John Long. 12s. 6d.*) An intimate autobiography covering the gay 'nineties and the Edwardian era. It is racily written and full of good anecdotes.

A Vision, by W. B. Yeats. (*Macmillan. 15s.*): A revised and amplified version of an important book which has hitherto not been available to the general public, setting forth the esoteric principles, doctrines, and experiences from which much of Mr. Yeats's most notable work in poetry and prose derives its inspiration.

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THE common life of England has many comforts. Why then do men climb impossible heights in unsavoury weather, to sit in a mist and meditate upon the dangers of their return? Men climb because they must. Whether they scale the heights of a fell or a Fellowship, they are driven by a physical or a mental virility to do the difficult thing—and do it well. Uncomfortable . . . and very English. And so it follows that among the things they do well are their very comforts. To brew an ale as good as Worthington is most difficult, yet this great beer did "scale the heights" of public favour these many years gone, because it was English . . . and well done.

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ADDITION TO A MASTERPIECE: *Left*—Tintoretto's "Baptism of Christ" as it now appears in its completely restored original form at the Tintoretto Exhibition at the Ca' Pesaro, Venice, and (*right*) as it appeared when extended by a 19th-century painter to conform to the dimensions of the altarpiece of the San Silvestro Church

TINTORETTO CURIOSITIES

Masterpieces Spoiled by Additions and Now Restored to Their Original Size

by comparing the two photographs here reproduced of the canvas as it was originally painted for this church (and now restored) and as it was during the eighteenth century. Indeed, the deformation of this masterpiece was such that certain eminent critics regarded it as a copy!

Tintoretto's "Baptism of Christ" was destined to suffer in the same manner. The accompanying illustrations serve to show how the original canvas was enlarged and repainted to conform to the dimensions of the nineteenth-century altarpiece of the new San Silvestro church. It is very obvious that the figures at the top of the composition were never painted by the master hand of Tintoretto. A. W.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY VANDALISM: As Tintoretto's "Last Supper" was not large enough to fill a certain space in the San Marcuola Church, an artist-decorator was commissioned to extend the picture, and this was the result of his effort

THE magnificent Tintoretto Exhibition at the Ca' Pesaro in Venice, which was referred to in *The Sphere* of July 17, has been meeting with well-merited success. One of the chief interests of this imposing array is a number of large canvases which have been taken from obscure corners of churches to be cleaned, restored, and once again revealed to the public in their original aspect. Two among these call for special mention: "The Last Supper," from the Church of San Marcuola in Venice, and "The Baptism of Christ" from the Church of San Silvestro in Venice. Until the present exhibition both these works were quite unknown.

Between 1728 and 1736 the Church of San Marcuola was reconstructed by the architect George Mazari. In accordance with the fashion of that period it was decided to completely cover the walls of the church, to the left and the right of the high altar, with mural paintings. Thus it was that an artist decorator was commissioned to extend the composition of Tintoretto's "Last Supper" into an architectural perspective covering the entire wall space. In doing so he partly repainted Tintoretto's canvas and even went so far as to paint in the grotesque figure of a dog in the foreground of the extended composition. One can judge the extent of liberty and damage exercised by this artist in painting over and around Tintoretto's work

TINTORETTO'S "LAST SUPPER": Here is the masterpiece in its restored form, shorn of all the extraneous 18th-century detail, including, of course, the begging dog shown in the canvas above on right. It has been on view at the Ca' Pesaro and has been attracting much attention and admiration for the work of the restorers

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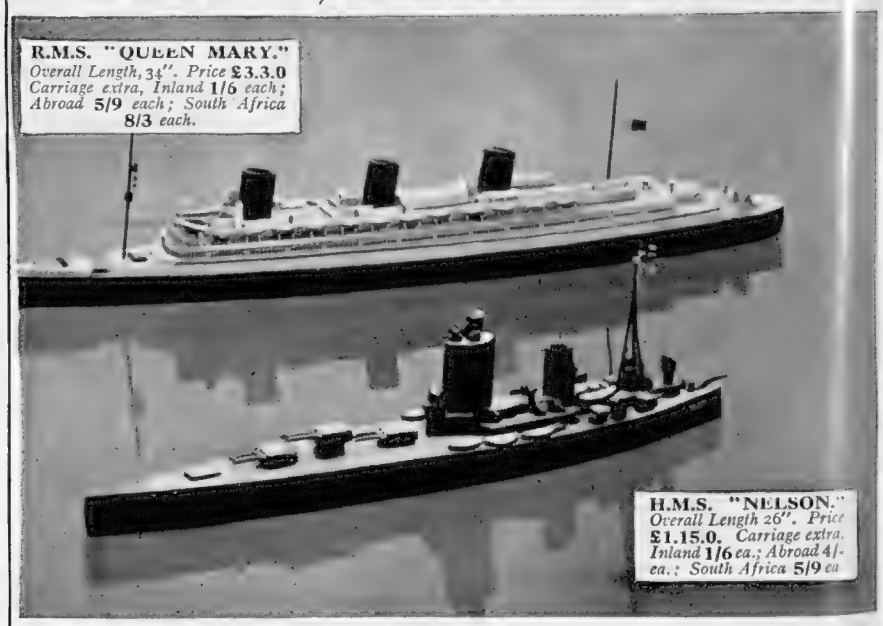

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NOTES from NEAR and FAR :

Cornwall Never Completely Surrenders to Winter : Cruising on the Danube : France for Winter Sport : How to Get to Cyprus

WHERE Winter Lags Behind.—Almost any day now—exactly when depends on the circulation of the individual—you and I may be making that decision which signifies that winter is upon us. I refer to the donning of overcoats of a morning as a matter of course. Yet warm Cornwall is reached in less than 7 hours by train.

Cornwall never completely surrenders to winter, and even after a storm there are anemones to be picked in the open air. From the Isles of Scilly, too, will come the first narcissi before the end of the year. Apart from its warm climate Cornwall is a unique corner of England; here the comparative standardisation of language effected in other parts has only become true within living memory, and the innumerable Celtic stones and crosses attest that, if King Arthur did not actually reign at Tintagel, at least the duchy succeeded in remaining free from Saxon influence. It abounds too in delightful places which can be visited without covering large distances and at the expenditure of not undue exertion.

Newlyn has been much in the news of late, at Port Mavis you may eat delectable oysters fresh from the sea, and no one will be disappointed at the first sight of St. Ives, one of the most delightful fishing villages in our islands.

AUTUMN SHADOWS : Venice is a delightful place at this time of year, for in those favoured southern climes the sun shines warmly enough in the middle of the day

Down the Danube.—The tawny rather than blue river of Central Europe has long been a popular highway for the traveller, yet its fame as such is perhaps less vaunted than the beauties of the Rhine which were recently dealt with in these pages. Of the huge length of the river the stretch between Linz and Vienna is difficult to beat for picturesque beauty and the Wachau district with its rocky heights and wooded hills now glorious with the colours of autumn is very lovely. Or you pass through such towns as ancient Weissenkirchen and Melk with its twin towers, one of the finest examples of baroque architecture in Austria, past the castle where Richard Cœur de Lion was imprisoned on his way back from the third crusade by the jealous Habsburg (and where he was, we like to think, discovered by the faithful Blondel), and many other ruined towers on the bluffs above the stream to Vienna.

From Vienna to Budapest is a less interesting voyage in point of scenery but absorbingly so by reason of the varied bird life on and by the water (the Danube's delta is the finest country for birds in Europe). Beyond Budapest, on the borders of Hungary and Rumania, come the most spectacular reaches of the river where its immense width is first confined into a narrow gorge and then the rushing waters pass through the famous Iron Gates into the Balkans proper.

While on the subject of the Danube it is interesting to consider that one of Algernon Blackwood's most eerie of ghost stories, *The Willows*, was written about its least scenically interesting stretch.

Penang.—Those who hate snakes should avoid visiting the Snake Temple near Penang. If, however, you can succeed in overcoming the aversion from serpents which is perhaps attributable to the subconscious memory of the reptile who tempted Eve this place is one of the most amazing sights in Asia. Certainly the snakes of Penang seem to appreciate the respect accorded to them, for they are tame and even venemous specimens may safely be handled. Another explanation is that the clouds of incense which fill the temple exercise a soporific effect, and the snakes appear to enjoy the scent since they may constantly be seen curled round the burners as they stand smoking on the sand.

The priests here are probably the world's most successful fortune-tellers. Never are they at a loss and the neatly rolled scroll containing their client's future is a tangible record of their skill. But since not one in a hundred of the Europeans who visit the temple are able to decipher the mystic screed the reputation of the seers is unlikely to be blown upon.

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

MEDIEVAL ROUEN : Quaint old timbered houses down near the quays of Rouen, Normandy's busy and picturesque city. (Drawn by Percy Home)

TOTALISATION DES ENTRÉES : The notice outside an entrance to the Paris Exhibition showing the number of people who had visited the grounds at the time the picture was taken. The Exhibition closes on November 26 and may be said to have been a great box-office success despite its hesitant start. The week-end crowds have been enormous

French Snows.—Daily the fringes of the eternally white mantle which covers Mont Blanc and its congeners are spreading downwards and another season of winter sport is about to begin. At the famous centres Chamonix, Mégève, Combloux and Saint-Gervais among twenty others, hotel managers are busy booking rooms for the visitors whom the *trains de neige* services of the P.O. Midi and P.L.M. railways will soon be carrying to the mountains.

The programme this winter is heavy and interesting. The ski championships of the Paris Federation, for instance, take place at Saint-Gervais on December 31 and January 1, and from January 11 to January 14 the Mont Blanc Trophy will be competed for at Chamonix, Les Houches, Mégève, and Saint-Gervais. Further, the opening of the highest road in Europe over the Iseran Pass last summer has made new ski-ing grounds available.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Cyprus.—We enclose a handbook on Cyprus which will give you practically all the information which you will require. If you cross from Athens, we recommend you to go by Lloyd-Triestino service: there are fortnightly sailings from the Piraeus, boats leaving on Wednesday and arriving on Saturday. You should, however, confirm these dates at Athens, as they are liable to alteration. There is also a weekly service of Greek boats leaving the Piraeus every Thursday; we do not recommend this service, but if you go by it, you should book "de luxe" accommodation.

We also enclose a list of the principal hotels and camps in Cyprus. The shooting season proper is from September 11 to January 20 for partridge (similar to chikhor), snipe, duck, and other migratory birds. In the gazetted wild bird areas there is shooting from January 21 to April 30. You would have to arrange for the services of a competent guide, and the hotel would get one for you. Your best plan, however, would be to get in touch with the Residency officials, who would be very pleased to help you.

Madeira.—We enclose some literature with details of Madeira. The leading hotel is Reid's which charges from £1 per day and we can recommend the Savoy where many *Sphere* readers have stayed. You will find, however, that all the hotels advertising in the booklet have a good standard of comfort.

Madeira enjoys a delightful climate all the year round and the average temperature for January, which is the coldest month, is 61 deg. Fah. The cost of living is about 20 per cent. cheaper than in England and an important point is that there is no income tax. Servants' wages are about 35s. per month.

Normandy.—Apart from its associations with Joan of Arc, Rouen has a very fine Gothic cathedral, near Les Andelys are the Château-Gaillard and old walls constructed by Richard Cœur de Lion. Mantes has a famous cathedral and Chartres is the birthplace of Gothic architecture, and in the cathedral is the finest medieval glass in the world. Le Mans is an historic city with a thirteenth-century church. Nantes cathedral contains the tomb of François II.

Historically Rennes, Coutances, and Bayeux are all most interesting, and from Caen you should not fail to visit Mont St. Michel which is unique. At Lisieux there are old timbered houses, and at Honfleur the "Lieutenance," the ramparts, harbour, old houses, and the wooden church of St. Catherine will undoubtedly attract you.

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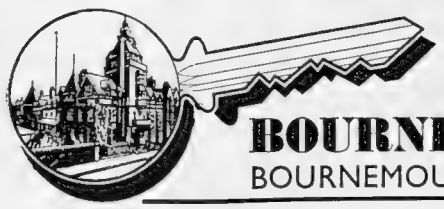

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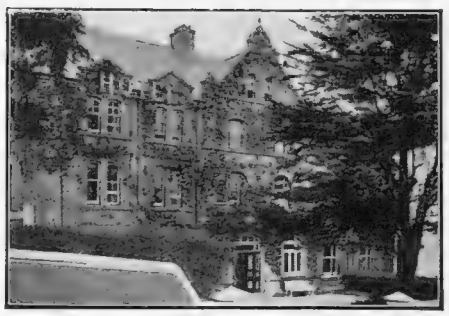

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In Quest of

A Tour of Britain Planned Shortly Coming

READING of the recent Stamp Exhibition in London, I was prompted to look through overseas inquiries I had received during the last year from readers of THE SPHERE; for having saved the envelopes, I have now the nucleus of a stamp collection of my own. India, South Africa, Palestine, Uganda, Holland, Irish Free State, Sudan, Norway, U.S.A., Ceylon are amongst places represented in my collection; and whilst I admit I still get a schoolboy thrill in receiving an envelope combined with some attractive foreign stamp, I derive greater pleasure in poring over my map and trying to put my inquirers on the track of those hotels both large and small which are a real delight to recommend to the discriminating.

My desire to assist all overseas readers of THE SPHERE has been further stimulated this week by a letter I have just received from an officer in the Indian Army who wrote as follows:—

"I am taking advantage of your offer made in THE SPHERE as regards advice on the selection of comfortable hotels. Early in 1938 I am proceeding home on eight months leave after an absence of many years. Owing to my being in an outpost for the past two years I have more or less existed on tinned food, and during my leave I desire to visit hotels where I can obtain 'good English fare'. I do not require anything elaborate, just plain good English food, such as the odd 'fillet steak' or 'roast beef'. I intend to spend most of my leave touring by car, and would be most grateful to you for information as to the best 'value for money' in the following places. As regards my budget, I suggest that we make an average outlay of say, £1 per day.

"I definitely want to go to cheerful places where there is a spot of 'music with meals, etc.', but am quite prepared to spend one day in a bright spot and the next day in something quieter. If I can get what I want at less than £1 per day, I shall be very pleased. Places I shall be visiting and desire information about are as follows:—Minster, Isle of Sheppey, Worthing, Eastbourne, Bournemouth, Reading, Exeter, Lynton, Torquay, Bideford, Bristol, Sheffield, Huddersfield, Edinburgh, Stirling, Tillicoultry, Leicester, Hinckley, Bedford, Nottingham, Glasgow."

Now this inquiry was of such an all-embracing nature, and so fascinating to work out that I feel my reply will interest other readers who may one day care to make use of the whole or part of my suggestions. To start with I must not keep too strictly to his request for good English fare coupled with music with meals, as one so rarely finds the two together; and my belief is that really good cooking cannot be enjoyed to the accompaniment of music—light, soulful, or classical.

Shopping . . .

Whether you come to town to buy a car, a dog, a gun, a business . . . or a hat, you will find that the Alexandra is right in the centre of things—Knightsbridge and Piccadilly at your doorstep, the world of entertainment within a few minutes. You will also find undiluted comfort in every detail and undoubted value for money in our terms.

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CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

For an Indian Army Officer Home on Leave

But we must not dally in London. Assuming ourselves to be in his car, we must away to Minster, his first inquiry in the Isle of Sheppey. I know nothing in Minster itself, so we will make for the Pilgrims' House at Sandwich. It is practically a Dormy House for the Royal St. George's and Prince's golf links and excellently run when I was last there, and reasonable in price.

Now along the coast to Eastbourne. This time we can satisfy his urge for brightness and music by staying at the Cavendish, preferably timing our visit for the weekend when we can dance, sip cocktails, and watch "the world and his wife" take their Sunday constitutional along the front.

And so on to Worthing. Instead of staying in Worthing itself we will make for the Ferring Grange Hotel, four miles beyond, because we can talk "shop" with one of the proprietors, Colonel H. E. Weekes, retired Indian Army, or if we've been in the Malay States, compare notes with his co-director, Mr. E. Coleridge Gair. Further there is a cheery cocktail lounge at the Grange, a squash court to keep in check the perils of good living, and a whole covey of golf courses in the immediate vicinity. One word of warning. We must be firm and not stay at the Grange too long or we should never complete our schedule.

On the road again our next halting place is Bournemouth. "Music with meals", "Good fare". Well, this time we will exceed our allowance of £1 per day and do ourselves really well by staying at the Royal Bath in the centre of everything, or the Haven Hotel, Sandbanks, at the entrance to Poole Harbour. On the other hand if we still want to feel rather luxurious but in a quieter mood we can choose Canford Cliffs Hotel or the Chine at Boscombe.

Onwards now to the West Country. Make a note of the following en route: the Antelope at Dorchester; the Alexandra and the Royal Lion at Lyme Regis; Blomfield Guest House at Fenny Bridges between Honiton and Exeter, and then the Royal Clarence, Exeter, in the quiet of the Cathedral Close. We must not make the mistake, as so many do, of hurrying on from here. For with Exeter as a centre we can explore South Devon, wander round Exeter itself and by way of exercise enjoy several rounds of golf on the links of the Exeter City and County Club followed by a round or more of something else in the attractive Club House.

(To be continued next week)

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Ascot.—The Berystede Hotel.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel 1437.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie," West Parade.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Cornwall).—Welltown Manor. Tel. 17
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Bournemouth.—Southcliffe Hotel. Tel. 7140.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Htl. Tel. 3574/5.
Brighton.—Old Ship Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
Coverack, Sth. Cornwall.—The Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel. Tel. 132.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Folkestone.—Hotel Wampach. Tel. 3129.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Grange-over-Sands.—Netherwood Hotel.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Haslemere (Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel. 556
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Haywards Heath.—Birch Hotel. Tel. 670.
Hinton (New Forest, Hants.).—East Close Htl.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.

(Continued on page 216)

THE LEAGUE WITHIN THE LEAGUE

(Continued from page 186)

the Netherlands, infant mortality. Just now particular attention is being devoted to rural hygiene which, it is felt, has been neglected in favour of urban. Such matters as the anti-fly campaign, milk hygiene, drinking water are being pressed. Housing is also included in this Service.

"Intellectual Co-operation" is by no means a case of highbrow speaking unto highbrow, as might superficially appear, but a vast and virginal effort to link up affairs of the mind throughout the globe. A general exchange is aimed at in a score of directions: school curriculums and text books (revision of), collaboration between libraries, museums, and archives, the rights of inventors, research-workers, artists and authors, the study of folk arts, education in all its forms with special reference to the imparting of a better knowledge of other countries and of international problems, the use and value of broadcasting, of the Press and the film; the theatre, music and poetry from the universal viewpoint, preservation of monuments and works of art, conversations and open letters on "the future of intellectual life in Europe, the training of modern man, contemporary art and reality, art and the State, the part played by the humanities in the training of the modern man."

Tall subject! Nor is this particular activity of the League rendered the easier by its being inevitably clothed in an atmosphere of propaganda, a circumstance underlined by the permanent body being housed and largely paid for by the French Government in Paris. One wonders, also, what earthly aid the film branch can serve, located in Rome which would be quite incapable of supervising the circulation of educational films other than of pro-Fascist texture. The Duce even foots most of the bill.

We enter a more hopeful realm in social and humanitarian work for which the League is acquiring a steadily rising reputation. The traffic in women and child welfare are here to the fore, but it is difficult in connection with the first to get nations to live up to what they undertake. The one sure way to tackle the "white slave" traffic is to raise the standard of living. As for the abolition of licensed brothels, several States refuse to hear of it, on medical grounds, and one knows of a region, not 600 miles from Charing Cross, where 4,000 such places legally carry on.

And that is a relative bagatelle beside the volume of suppression that would be required in the East.

A no less difficult problem is that having to do with the campaign against narcotics. I once in a misguided moment wrote a book about drugs, so presumably am entitled to an opinion, if not an advisory one, the more so because my opus was passed over by ye critics as "too clinical," meaning, no doubt, that it was not orgiastic enough. Anyway, my opinion remains that the League has not succeeded with drugs. It has succeeded in severely controlling the legitimate traffic, but the illegitimate one has evaded it, and will continue so to do until the (few) nations involved elect to play straight.

A long tale. Just one aspect—too many of the police and Customs are "in" on dope.

Originally, most of the illegal stuff came from the now severely-watched legal sources, which was probably better than what happens now. Which is: the League has driven most of the illicit factories out of Europe, only to see them settle down plumb next the raw material opium fields out in China and Jehol. And now the dread, white derivatives—heroin, morphine—come back West and go on to the Americas, tucked away in shipping passing through the Suez. Who can examine all that tonnage—every Lascar?

Earlier this year I spent a saddish half hour with M. Hansson in the Nansen Office at Geneva while this successor of Dr. Fridtjof told me how his international refugee work was to be wound up in 1938. There are still 700,000 refugees and Stateless ones, and no one seems to know what is going to become of masses of them.

Certain countries object to this Nansen work on the ground that it focuses attention upon their political systems: that is given as one reason for the closing down. It seems to me pretty grim, as one who recently listened at Geneva to the usual spate of chat about the welfare of humanity, etc., that the Powers should be so ready to liquidate the one service above all others at the League that has been helping in the most direct manner the humblest and neediest of human kind.

DRAMA AND FILMS *(Continued from page 199)*

infallible touch. This used to be known in the profession as "getting into the skin of a part." Unfortunately in this case she has little to deal with but skin.

"The Life of Emile Zola" (Film).—I note that certain film critics of unrivalled perspicacity and experience have been asking, "Who was Zola?" The question was, I fancy, asked in neither judicial nor judicious ignorance. One thing about Zola I can tell them—in the Clerihew jingle:—

"Emile Zola
Never wore a bowler,
Because (so he said)
It would not fit his head."

The film *The Life of Emile Zola* at the Carlton will tell them much more about Zola (and even a little more about bowlers). Dreyfus has already been seen on the screen with Sir Cedric Hardwicke in the part, and this film is mainly concerned with Zola's activities in the Dreyfus case, though its historical aspect is far more extensive and deals with the struggles of youth as well as his persecution in old age for having fought so courageously for truth and justice and for the complete exoneration of the man he knew to be innocent.

This is indeed an instance of the cinema abandoning the sensational and the superficial and of making instead living history in the truest sense of the word. The whole thing is conceived on a noble scale and superbly executed down to the last detail. Paul Muni in the title role and Joseph Schildkraut as Dreyfus give performances which should crown their careers, in the sense that I cannot imagine their ever bettering perfection. The tact and admirable good taste with which the anti-Semitic aspects of the film are handled also call for congratulation.

War-Disabled Men's Exhibition.—Some years ago an excellent design for a folding, two-legged table was planned by a war-blinded man at St. Dunstan's. To-day, tables based on that design are among the most sought-after goods at the annual sale and exhibition of War-Disabled Men's Industries at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington. This exhibition, which is under the King and Queen, and will be opened by the Duchess of Kent on November 5, includes the work of over 3,000 war-disabled men and their dependents from twenty-five organisations all over the country. Many of the workers have lost a limb, some have lost two limbs, others again are both blind and deaf, yet the workmanship of the goods which they manufacture reaches such a standard that Mr. Winston Churchill has said of them that "they would be a credit to any British factory or West End store." For this reason, as well as for the pleasure of helping such brave-spirited men, few people could do better than to solve their Christmas-present problems by a visit to the exhibition. It will be re-opened by Mr. Leslie Henson on November 12 and by Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Roger Keyes, on November 19. The closing date is November 25.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The children being cared for by the above Society are being trained to take their places in the battle of life. The boys in the Training Ship *Arethusa* are being trained for a life at sea, and will enter either the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy. The boys being maintained in the Homes are being taught definite trades and will always be employable, while the girls are trained for domestic service. This work of caring for 1,100 poor boys and girls requires your constant help. Please send a donation to assist in carrying on this great work, to the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2, from which address your donation will be gratefully acknowledged.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS—*Continued*

Lynmouth.—Bevans Lyn Valley Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Market Harborough.—Three Swans Inn.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Middleton-on-Sea, Susx.–Southdean-on-Sea Htl.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Padstow.—Metropole Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Richmond (Surrey).—Richmond Hill Hotel,
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand.
Shrewsbury.—Mytton & Mermaid Htl., Atcham.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel. Tel. 22.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Tempsford, Beds. (51).—The Anchor.
Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl. Crook. A.A. R.A.C

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel. W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W. 1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner. Sloane 7111
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191.
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W, 2.

SCOTLAND

Aberfeldy.—Taymouth Castle Hotel. Tel. 9.
Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Tel. 3.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire (Sma' Glen).—Amulree Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.

WALES

Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—The Royal Hotel.
Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel (For Winter Comfort)
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

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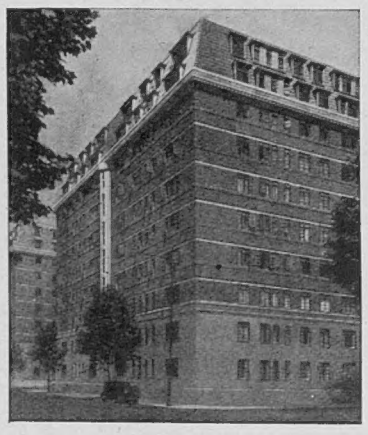

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Who goes to Nassau?

Nassau, capital of the Bahamas, lying off the coast of Florida where the Gulf Stream meets the Atlantic, is one of the few places where the cheap cruise has not penetrated. Let us be blunt and say that Nassau is rather a fashionable place — although the cost of living is pretty moderate. You will meet, in Nassau, the sort of people you mix with at home and their American equivalent.

WHAT IS THE CLIMATE LIKE?

Finest winter climate in the world. The temperature ranges between 80° F. and 90° F. from May to November and between 68° F. and 79° F. from December to May. Nassau has been recognized as a health resort for over 200 years.

ARE THE HOTELS GOOD?

First rate! Very modern with excellent service. Swimming pools, sun verandahs, tennis, squash, badminton, bridge. Private bathing beaches, luxuriant tropical gardens. Continental chefs. Bahamian, American and European dishes.

WHAT IS THE SCENERY LIKE?

Charming old streets and green lawns. Palms, white beaches and an azure sea. Red hibiscus trees, oleanders, cassias and calabash and orchid trees. The old water front. Stately Colonial houses. Modern shops. Native fishing boats and handsome yachts. Fairy-coloured underwater coral gardens.

PLENTY OF SPORT?

Yes. Two golf courses. Tennis. Riding. Polo. Fishing. Shooting (wild pigeon, duck). Sailing. Bathing. Horse-racing.

WHAT IS THE BATHING LIKE?

Magnificent! White sandy beaches and buoyant sapphire seas. Quiet little bays for sunbathing and more elaborate beaches with dressing rooms, music, bars and cafés.

HOW DOES ONE GET THERE?

By Plane—New York to Miami 8 hours, Miami to Nassau by Pan American Clipper 2 hours.
By Train—New York to Miami 30 hours, and then by Plane 2 hours, or overnight by ship.
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